THE GREATEST GHOST STORY EVER WRITTEN IN NEXT LEDGER
READ THE NEW "KEENEYES" DETECTIVE STORY IN THIS ISSUE

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

IX. NO. 18. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1911. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

The IRON TRUNK Mystery.

Keeney's Greatest Case

by J. Breckenridge Ellis.

ight 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.
A STRANGE WILL.

THE mystery of the iron trunk began, so far as Howard Willis was concerned, with the death of his cousin, old Giles Newton.

The Willis family and the Newton family had enemies for many years, and had, the past ten years or more, existed state of feud.

feud did not assume an acute except on two occasions—once the Newtons killed a Willis, and when the Willis family, in reon, shot a Newton. But the hes of the family that carried on particular part of the feud, dwelt e mountains of Kentucky, and were dered members of the family to of. The higher class of the and the Willises, simply ignorother.

d Willis was a young man any immediate family, and he g to work up a law practice ll town of Lumberburg, when love, and his cousin, old Giles died.

rst glance, there may seem no ion between the love affair of a lawyer, and the death of a dissin who belonged to the antagwing of the feud. But there

old cousin, Giles Newton, lived in Lumberburg, and for the past ears had not once exchanged a with Howard Willis. They had met upon the street, but without cognition. Giles Newton had lived lone at one hotel, young Howard Wils at another. Then Giles Newton died. Giles Newton had a son who had not en heard of for about five years. One ay news had come of his death in a Colorado mining town. That was all. he body had not been brought to Lumrburg.

hen Giles Newton died, it was found he had left a will. In this will ad left his residence in Lumber—a big, rambling house upon the of which Giles had principally —to his cousin, Howard Willis.

s Newton had several cousins the Newton side, and one or two were almost as close of kin to oward Willis. On the other we have seen, the Willises were enemies of the Newtons.

therefore thought astonishing iles Newton should have left to Howard Willis.

s more astonished than the er. Perhaps he felt some because he had never made of friendship to the lonely old but whether remorseful or s certain that he took much on in the acquirement of the house in Lumberburg.

ll was eccentric, as might have posed from the character of It conditioned the bequest in r peculiar, but not difficult. In place, the property belonged to Willis only upon condition that in the house.

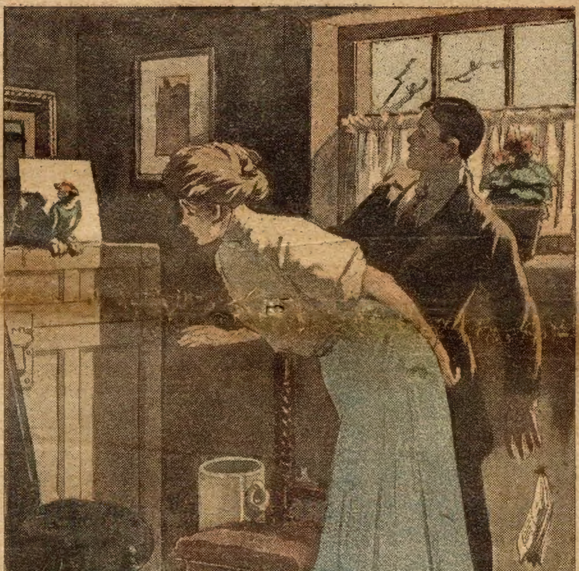
the second place, it was stipulated that every night must be passed in a certain bedroom with southern exposure on the second floor—really, an ideal chamber for the purpose.

In the third place, it was expressly conditioned that the iron trunk in this bedroom was, under no circumstances, to be moved from the exact spot where it then stood, nor was it to be used for any purpose. And if Howard Willis moved this iron trunk, or allowed it to be moved, or if it were moved without his knowledge, the said Howard Willis would forfeit his right to the title, and the house and lot would become the property of the city of Lumberburg.

Such was the amazing will of old Giles Newton.

As for Howard Willis, he made not the least objections. Of course, it would be lonesome living in that great weather-beaten building; but as we have intimated, he was already in love; and it was not at all unlikely but his loved one would consent at no distant day to go with him to share the solitude of the place.

As for the iron trunk, why should he desire to move it? As soon as the funeral was over, Howard hurried to examine his new estate, with espcial curiosity regarding that iron trunk.



"That trunk is haunted!"

CHAPTER II.
THE TRUNK'S FIRST MOVE.

It was the first time that Howard Willis had ever entered the big rambling frame building which was known as the biggest house in Lumberburg.

Of course while it was the property of his enemy, old Giles Newton, Howard could have no desire to visit the place. But now it had been willed to him, now that it was his intention to dwell in it, of course Howard was anxious to explore the premises.

Only a short time before old Giles Newton's death, the last tenants had moved out. Consequently, the place had not been deserted longer than about a month, when Howard approached the front yard.

The yard had been very well kept, and the grass was not very high. A neat plank walk led up to the wide front porch.

Jingling the keys in his hand, Howard unfastened the front door, and entered the empty hall. He found nothing remarkable in the house. The rooms were bare, the attic was vacant, the cellar was entirely empty. In a word, he appeared to be the only thing in the house —he and the iron trunk.

The trunk was, of course, confined to his future bedroom. Yet strangely enough, it seemed to Howard that that trunk went all over the house, behind him. Perhaps it was because of the curious clause in the will forbidding the trunk to be moved. That might have aroused in his mind queer fancies about the iron trunk.

The trunk was in a corner room on the second floor. Directly under this corner bedroom, with its large southern windows, was a wainscoted diningroom, the ceiling of which was not papered, but neatly sealed. Under this diningroom was one of the two large underground rooms which composed the cellar. In this arrangement, nothing seemed unusual.

Howard keenly examined the cellar, then the diningroom, then the bedroom. There was nothing to call for particular attention in these apartments, except the iron trunk.

The mere fact that the trunk was of cast iron was, in itself, unusual. The size of the trunk next called for remark.

The trunk was not very wide, it was not longer than an ordinary trunk, but it was quite tall. Standing beside the trunk, Howard found that the lid came up to his shoulder, and Howard was a young man of little less than six feet in height.

The trunk appeared to be fastened securely to the floor. Howard did not try to lift it, remembering the provision that it was not to be moved; but from as careful an examination as he could make, under the circumstances, he was sure that the trunk was fastened securely to the floor.

According to the conditions, Howard must sleep in the room with this trunk. He felt that he could never do this while in uncertainty as to the contents of the trunk. He accordingly tried to liff the lid.

The trunk was locked.

It would not be disobeying the conditions of the will to open the trunk. Howard determined to secure a key to that trunk before nightfall. Suddenly it occurred to him that a key on the bunch which the family lawyer had placed in his keeping, might open the trunk.

He tried one key after another. Presently his selection of a small key proved successful. The lock turned easily.

The delay had excited Howard's interest in his search. He lifted the lid with a hand that slightly trembled in anticipation.

The trunk was empty.

Howard found that the interior of the trunk was of wood, and the wooden floor and sides had been neatly papered.

In the bottom of the trunk lay a couple of old newspapers; that was all. Full of disappointment—for Howard had expected something strange, he knew not what—the young man closed the lid, and locked the trunk very carefully.

Since there was no surprise to fear from the trunk, it ceased to interest him. It slipped from his mind.

It was at this time that Howard Willis was deepest in love with one of the prettiest girls of Lumberburg.

Zadie Turner was an orphan.

Her guardian was a wealthy farmer, who had scrupulously taken care of her property, and had been desirous of increasing it as much as possible while at the same time taking all the fees the law allowed. She was now of age, and free to marry. Her property was small, but in good condition.

She loved Howard Willis, and these two married at church with flower girls, and a good deal of rice-throwing. After a brief honeymoon, they went to live in a big house which Howard had inherited from the former enemy of his family.

Furnishing the house caused the young couple a good deal of amusement, and not a little anxiety.

The south bedroom gave them the most trouble because everything had to be arranged to harmonize with the iron trunk.

Now, it seemed impossible to match this iron trunk. There it stood like an island in the midst of the sea of bare flooring, refusing to claim kinship with any other piece of furniture in the room.

It looked too high, too long, too dark. Its forbidding black iron sides frowned upon the other furniture. The carpet had to be cut to pieces to surround this trunk. It was decided that it must be painted, in order to render it more human in its surroundings.

Howard painted the big trunk a sky blue, to match the gilt wall paper. But this color seemed so incongruous for an iron trunk, that later, Mrs. Willis painted it white. When it was transformed to a white hue, it seemed more suited to the daintiness of the apartment, but unluckily it suggested a tombstone.

Howard accordingly painted it an unobtrusive drab. After that, it was thought best to explain its presence in the room by making it of some use. The young married people, after due thought, decided to use it as a laundry receptacle, and they put in it the garments that were intended to be sent forth to the wash.

It was in this connection that the first event in the history of the iron trunk occurred—that is to say, the first event since the iron trunk had become the property of Howard Willis.

One night just before going to bed, Mrs. Willis deposited in the depths of the iron trunk, a quantity of dainty underwear, meaning to do it all up in a package the next morning to send by express to the laundry—for the inhabitants of Lumberburg sent their laundry to Quincy, Ill., a distance of some two hundred miles.

The next morning, as soon as Mrs Willis had sent Howard off to his law office with the usual farewell kiss, she went to the bedroom to do up the lace and ruffles and pleats in the customary brown paper covering.

She was astonished beyond words to find the trunk empty.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis were economical. They had begun their housekeeping without servants. Nobody had been in the house since the garments were placed in that trunk, except Mr. and Mrs. Willis.

At least, it seemed impossible that any one could have entered the house unobserved.

Yet the clothes were gone.

There was absolutely nothing in the great iron trunk but two old newspapers—the same Howard had first seen, when taking possession of his cousin Giles Newton's residence.

On telephoning to Howard, the young husband hastened home from his law office. A close examination of the premises revealed nothing. An inquiry down town failed to elicit any rumors of wandering tramps. Nobody had been seen hanging about Lumberburg.

In the mean time, the iron trunk, grimmer than ever, seemed to be watching Mr. and Mrs. Willis whenever they entered the bedroom, as if to say, "Solve this mystery if you can!"

CHAPTER III.

THE TRUNK'S SECOND MOVE.

After the disappearance of the garments from the capacious depths of the iron trunk, Howard Willis and his young wife were no longer at ease in the presence of the huge object.

It is true that after it had been painted an undecided drab color, it ceased to force itself upon the eye.

Nevertheless it could not be forgotten.

So much did this sheet-iron box weigh upon Howard Willis' mind, that he found himself wondering if his cousin Giles Newton had willed him the house for the express purpose of driving him mad with that iron trunk.

Of course this suspicion was ridiculous.

All the same, the young man determined to rid himself of the uncanny influence produced every time he entered his bedroom.

He decided to erect a flower-stand over the iron trunk.

The trunk stood not very far from one of the south windows.

By building a framework which the trunk might help to support, and by arranging the supports of the frame on either side of the trunk, the latter might be effectually hidden from sight.

Mrs. Willis applauded this idea.

In his spare time, Howard set himself to his task, and with saw and hammer, made the bedroom sound like a carpenter's shop.

At last the work was finished.

Over and upon the iron trunk, the flower-stand had been erected; on the stand were arranged potted plants and trailing vines, and over all, the sunlight streamed. The effect was artistic; and no stranger, entering the room, would have supposed that beneath all this vegetation and sunshine crouched, as it were, the sinister and mysterious iron trunk.

But the trunk was there; and it was not long before it manifested its presence in a manner even stranger than the disappearance of the linen and laces.

It happened about one week after the finishing touches had been given to the flower-stand.

Howard and his wife had gone to bed after a rather tiresome evening spent at a social function. The party had been slow, the refreshments heavy and insufficient, the conversation difficult. After such an evening, slumber was easily wooed, and the young couple had hardly gone to bed before both were sound asleep.

It was because they slept so soundly that Mrs. Willis felt sure she had been awakened by no ordinary cause.

She started from slumber with a vague uneasiness, and looked quickly all about her.

There was no light in the room, and nothing was discernible. Her husband was still asleep.

She hesitated to wake him, thinking that possibly a bad dream had plunged her into consciousness. But even while she hesitated, her uneasiness increased. She accordingly shook Howard by the arm.

He woke, not without an effort to cling to the luxury of slumber.

"Well?" he asked, startled, when he really realized that she was waking him.

"Do you hear anything?" whispered Mrs. Willis.

"No," said Howard, after listening intently. "Hear what?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"Did you hear anything unusual?" he demanded, rising upon his elbow.

"I don't know," she answered vaguely. "But listen."

"Well? What is it?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Willis, in some confusion.

"You heard nothing?"

"No. At least, I do not suppose I did. I thought I did."

"You mean you fancied somebody was in the room?"

"Oh, no, it wasn't that sort of noise at all. It wasn't any noise."

"It wasn't anything you heard?"

"It wasn't anything I heard. It wasn't a noise."

"Was it a light? Did you see a light flash?"

"No, there was nothing to be seen. Maybe I was dreaming."

"I think you were," said Howard settling back upon his pillow. Then he added, drowsily, "What did it seem to you to be?"

"It seemed to me to be in the iron trunk," she whispered, not without awe.

Howard laughed. "That iron trunk is going to haunt us the rest of our lives," he said aloud. "It used to be on my mind all the time; now it is going to prey upon yours. Just think of it as a flower-stand, and go to sleep."

Mrs. Willis said nothing. In a few minutes her husband was again fast asleep.

But the young wife found it impossible to shake from her mind the notion that something external had awakened her. She lay staring into the darkness not exactly listening for sounds, not exactly watching for any flash of light, but yet, in a way, waiting for something to happen.

Perhaps half an hour passed thus in perfect darkness and perfect silence, save for Howard's breathing.

Suddenly a tremendous crash rang throughout the room, and reverberated throughout the entire house. Upon the floor of the bedroom rained glass, broken crockery, timbers and wire.

Mrs. Willis shrieked, and Howard leaped to the floor only to cry out in rage and pain. He had stepped upon something sharp, and his foot was wounded.

He hastily struck a light, glaring all about for possible enemies.

The flower-stand lay shattered upon the floor, and it was a piece of broken flower-pot that had cut his foot. The floor was in the utmost disorder from spilled and broken pots. Dirt, glass, crockery, wood, wire, leaves and vines, were strewn everywhere.

Howard sprang to the door. It was locked on the inside exactly as he had left it, on going to bed. He ran to the windows. All were locked.

CHAPTER IV.

TESTING THE TRUNK.

To sum up the mystery of the iron trunk, it might be mentioned as Mystery Number One that the house should have been willed to Howard on condition that he always sleep in the room that contained the trunk, and that the said trunk never be moved.

Mystery Number Two—the disappearance from the interior of the trunk of Mrs. Willis' linen and laces, which she had intended sending off to the laundry.

But it was Mystery Number Three, in other words, the last mystery, which excelled all others in strangeness.

How could the flower-stand have been hurled to the floor, when it had been built solid about and upon the iron trunk?

No wind, however powerful, could have blown down the stand, because it rested upon the lid, and its legs were on either side of the huge sheet-iron structure.

Nobody could have entered the room to demolish the flower-stand, since the door had not been broken open, and the windows had not been unfastened.

Besides, even granting that, by some means, a man could have entered the room without making use of the door or windows—even if he could have passed through the walls or ceiling, what earthly object could he have had in throwing the structure with its burden of garden-earth, flowers and pottery?

It almost seemed as if the trunk were endowed with a gruesome sort of life of its own; that having swallowed the laundry, it had digested it to the last ruffle; and that, finding a heavy flower-stand built upon it, it had thrown off the ignominious burden by its own might.

An examination of the interior of the trunk found everything as usual; that is, to say, the two old newspapers were still lying upon the bottom.

When Howard and his wife had recovered from the deafening tumult produced by the overthrow of the flower-stand, they hurriedly dressed.

Mrs. Willis, refusing to be left alone, accompanied her husband all over the house, and out in the yard, in his search for burglars.

When they were convinced that nobody was upon the place but themselves, they returned to the bedroom, to clear it of the debris.

After about three hours, there was no sign to indicate that a flower-stand had ever stood in the bedroom.

The iron trunk, triumphant, seemed to tower above the floor, daring anybody to conceal it with a flower-stand or anything else.

It was now almost daylight. Sleep was impossible: and the young married couple sat up till daybreak.

Mrs. Willis saw her husband going to his office, with trepidation.

She had begun to be afraid to stay alone in the house; and, although they were hardly able to afford it, it was decided that evening that a girl should be employed not so much to do the work, as to keep Mrs. Willis company.

A girl was accordingly hired, and she was given a room not very far from the south bedroom. Her name was Amonia Carpenter; she was usually called Moany. This abbreviated form both stood for Amonia, and for Amonia's disposition. Being a prey to divers aches and pains the location of which she was ready at any time to indicate to all possible auditors, Amonia had fallen into a chronic habit of complaining. Nothing satisfied her. In particular, she took an exceedingly strong disrelish to the iron trunk.

Amonia Carpenter mistrusted the iron trunk to such a degree, that she absolutely refused to clean the bedroom. She would not sweep, she declared, where an iron trunk had been willed with the house, and could not be moved.

"When I sweep, I always move things," said Amonia. For the same reason she would not dust in the bedroom. Mrs. Willis did not think very much of Amonia's distaste for the iron trunk.

"In my opinion," Mrs. Willis told her husband, "Moany would be delighted if there were an iron trunk in every room in the house; then she would not have to sweep and dust at all."

However, Amonia was good company for Mrs. Willis. Mrs. Willis was interested in Amonia's aches and pains, and Amonia would sit by the hour to discuss them. Thus, Mrs. Willis did not get lonesome.

One day a friend of Mrs. Willis presented her with a pet paroquet. The friend was going to Europe and Mrs. Willis suspected that she was called upon to take care of the pet until the mistress's return; of course when the friend came back, Mrs. Willis would have to offer her back the paroquet.

There was one peculiarity shared in common by Mr. and Mrs. Willis; they did not like birds in cages. Amonia did not object to birds in cages, but she would not feed them. She said she did not know how, and could not learn.

The Willises found themselves burdened with the paroquet, forced to care for it when they hated it, feeding it when they wished it would die, and scaring away the cat every time it entered the room, though secretly hoping the cat might some day enter without their knowledge.

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Willis, "it alarms me to find how vindictive I feel toward the poor little creature."

"An idea occurs to me," said Howard. "Let us trunk it."

"How do you mean?"

"As you did your linen."

"Surely you don't mean——"

"Yes, I do. Tonight, let us put the bird and cage in the iron trunk, just as you did your laundry the night that it disappeared. Perhaps the bird will disappear also."

"But wouldn't the poor little wretch smother? I couldn't murder it."

"We will leave the lid slightly ajar, so it can get air until its time comes to vanish."

Mrs. Willis clapped her hands for joy. Of course it seemed preposterous to imagine that the bird and cage would vanish merely from being put in the trunk. But had not all the adventures of the trunk appeared preposterous? Had not the trunk itself behaved in a preposterous manner?

That night, the bird in its cage was deposited in the trunk; the lid was left slightly ajar; and Mr. and Mrs. Willis, more like children playing a prank than as man and wife playing at mystery and danger, went gaily to bed.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRUNK'S THIRD MOVE.

Howard Willis, as usual, slept profoundly.

Mrs. Willis who was a rather light sleeper, fancied she heard, about midnight, a slight movement in the iron trunk.

She felt her heart leap with apprehensions.

The next moment she reflected that doubtless all she had heard was the fluttering of the paroquet in its cage.

If what she had heard was the process of disappearance, so much the better; her laundry had vanished. She hoped the bird might imitate its example.

In the morning, Howard was the first to rise; and the first place he went to, after dressing, was the iron trunk.

He opened it, and stood looking into its grim depths.

"Well?" called his young wife, impatiently.

Howard stared into the trunk. He uttered one word: "Gone!"

"What!" ejaculated his wife, rushing to his side. She looked in.

Paroquet and cage had disappeared.

"But how?" faltered Mrs. Willis, whose relief at the disappearance of the troublesome bird was somewhat dampened by apprehensions at the strangeness of the event.

How, indeed? That was the mystery.

"But that isn't all," said Howard, still staring into the trunk, and speaking as one in a dream.

"What more can you mean?"

"Those two newspapers are gone."

"What newspapers?"

"The two old newspapers that were in the trunk when I first moved into this house. When your laundry disappeared, those papers remained. But now even they are gone."

"I wish the whole trunk would disappear," groaned the young wife.

"Naturally. But it looks awfully permanent."

Mrs. Willis glared at the trunk. It did indeed look as if it meant to defy all time and change.

As they stood there, Amonia rang the bell for breakfast. They went downstairs to the diningroom. "Don't say a thing to Moany," the wife counseled her husband, "or she may leave us."

At table they were unusually silent. They did not eat very much. Howard Willis was revolving in his mind means of investigating the mystery. Mrs. Willis was wondering if they would ever feel at home with the iron trunk.

As they went upstairs after the meal Howard said in a low voice, "My dear, it occurs to me that we ought to call in a detective to solve this mystery."

"A detective!" she repeated with a shudder. "Never! I prefer the mystery."

"Oh, very well," he returned. "Only remember this, whenever it seems to you that the mystery is getting harder to bear than a detective, let me know. I have been reading about a fellow who, they say, is able to solve the most baffling mysteries."

"No detective for me," insisted Mrs. Willis.

They entered the bedroom. Willis always returned to it to secure his papers before setting forth for the law office. Hardly had they entered when Mrs. Willis uttered a scream.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Howard, alarmed.

Mrs. Willis was unable to speak. She pointed behind Howard at the iron trunk—for, on general principles, he had turned his back to the trunk.

Howard wheeled around.

The trunk was exactly as they had left it. Perched upon the top of the trunk with its head on one side, was the paroquet.

"That trunk is haunted!" gasped Mrs. Willis, sinking upon a chair.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LADDER TRAVELED.

The mysterious iron trunk did not confine its influence to the big house which Howard Willis had inherited from his old cousin Giles Newton.

The town had been hearing of its strange history.

The last event, that of the paroquet, was received with great astonishment.

Of course the town did not know that the bird and cage had been put in the iron trunk in the hardly-defined hope that the bird might disappear. But it was known that the bird had been placed there. And the bird and cage had vanished during the night.

Stranger than that, the next morning after breakfast, the bird had been found, perching upon the trunk.

But what had become of the cage?

And where had the bird been, during its absence?

How could it have flown through the sheet-iron sides of the huge trunk?

Having vanished, how had it reappeared in the morning?

These questions were so perplexing to Howard Willis, that he was more than ever of the opinion that it would be best to employ a detective.

He had been reading of a retired detective who, though still a comparatively young man, had gone to a small town in Missouri to settle down to domestic life with a pretty young wife.

The name of this retired detective was Richard Zellers; but, so successful had he been, before his retirement, in solving seemingly impenetrable mysteries, that the newspapers had bestowed upon him the sobriquet of "Keeneyes."

Sometimes Richard Zellers, or "Keeneyes," consented to investigate mysteries, when they interested him. Howard could not but think that the iron trunk would interest him.

In the meantime, he was obliged to tarry, before calling in Richard Zellers, till his wife should consent to the presence of a detective in the house.

Howard fancied that very few events like that of the disappearance and reappearance of the little parrot would be necessary to bring his wife over to his opinion.

In the meantime, they had been obliged to purchase a new birdcage. They had given the paroquet every opportunity at escape, but it would not escape. They tried putting it with the cage inside of the trunk again, hoping for a more successful, or at any rate a more permanent demonstration.

But, just as the trunk was accustomed to act when most unexpected, so now it remained absolutely passive when desired to act.

One evening Howard, on coming home from the law office, found his wife, as usual, standing at the front gate to receive him.

"Zadie," said her husband, "I intended asking you, after leaving the house at noon, what Amonia had been doing with my long ladder."

"I am sure Moany has not used the ladder," replied his wife.

"Did you have it?"

"Certainly not; I've had no use for it; besides, it's too heavy for me to carry out."

"But somebody has had it!" persisted Howard, "for I noticed this morning that it was leaning against the fence, whereas you know I am always particular to keep it hanging upon the hooks on the side of the woodhouse."

Mrs. Willis frowned a little impatiently. "It must be Mr. Bowen who had it," she said, referring to their next door neighbor. "He often borrows our things, and possibly he borrowed the ladder without thinking it worth while to ask for it. I think he should ask for whatever he is going to use."

"And I think so too," said Howard, decidedly. He went to the fence, took down the ladder and hung it in its proper position.

The next morning Howard had scarcely crossed half the front yard toward the front gate, when his wife saw him returning. He looked displeased.

She ran to meet him.

"Now, see that!" said Howard, pointing at the ladder which lay upon the ground under an old apple tree. "Hadn't you better ask Amonia if she put it there?"

"I'll ask her, but she may leave us," said the wife, doubtfully.

"Ask her, anyway," said Howard, "and I will ask Bowen if he had it."

When Howard came back at noon, his wife had not quite finished getting the dinner. "Where is Amonia?" he inquired.

"She has evaporated," said his wife, somewhat grimly. "I asked her if she had been using the ladder, and she said she was sick, and couldn't work today."

"I asked Bowen if he had been using the ladder," said Howard, with a sigh," and he got mad and said when he used our things, we would know it. But really, do you suppose Amonia had had the ladder?"

"I am sure she hadn't. But don't you suppose Mr. Bowen had?"

"No, his manner was too sincerely indignant."

"But, then, who could have used the ladder?"

"I can't imagine. But the idea comes to me, Zadie, that the iron trunk, which has been monopolizing all the mystery of the place, is going to share it with other things. Perhaps something else will get to acting queer. And maybe at last the whole house will get up and walk away."

After reflection, Mrs. Willis said, "I suggest that we give the ladder another trial. Hang it where it belongs, and let us see if it is disturbed again."

At the end of the week, Mrs. Willis said, somewhat triumphantly, "Howard, I have looked out the window the first thing every morning, and I always see the ladder exactly where you placed it a week ago."

He did not reply.

"It hasn't been touched," she persisted, "and I am now of the opinion that you had that ladder yourself, and forgot to put it back."

This was too much.

"I did not intend to tell you," said Howard, slowly.

"Tell me what?" she exclaimed.

"But now you might as well know the truth, since you imagine I was so careless," continued Howard reflectively.

His wife bent forward, with a little anticipatory shiver.

"Every night," said Howard, "I tie a thread around a rung of the ladder, connecting it thus to a hook in the wall of the woodshed, but not tying a hard knot."

"What for?"

"To discover if the ladder has been moved."

"Well?"

"Well, on two different nights, the thread had been pulled off the rung, and I would find it the next morning, one end tied to the hook, the rest of it dangling in the air."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Willis, looking all about, as if she fancied some spirit might be hovering near, listening to them.

"Yes," said Howard. "And last night, after you were asleep, I sat at the window two or three hours, watching the woodshed."

"What did you see?"

"Nothing. And the thread wasn't broken loose, either. But I can't afford to sit there every night, watching. Zadie, let me send for the detective!"

She hesitated, then said, "Howard, I am going to request you to wait. I can't bear the idea of having a detective about. It seems so—so criminal. Let's wait until something else happens to the iron trunk. The ladder doesn't bother us. If it goes away on journeys, it always comes back."

Howard agreed to wait.

That very night occurred the most marvelous incident, in which the iron trunk took a gruesome part—an incident that led to the immediate calling of the celebrated detective. It was an event so peculiar, that it should be treated of in a separate chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

GROWS DANGEROUS.

Little suspecting that they were about to enter upon a new and far more dangerous phase of the mystery of the iron trunk, Mr. and Mrs. Willis went to bed at the usual hour.

In another part of the house slept Amonia, the maid.

There were no other servants or occupants of the big building.

As usual, Howard had assured himself that a thread loosely connected one of the rungs of his long ladder with the wall hook that supported it on the side of the woodhouse.

It was about midnight when Howard woke up. In fact, he was scarcely wide awake, when he heard the clock striking twelve.

This surprised him, because he was usually a profound sleeper; he could not remember when he had heard the clock strike twelve at night, except on such occasions as his wife had awakened him at strange noises or presentiments emanating from, or inspired by, the iron trunk.

His first natural inquiry was, Why was he awake?

His wife was still asleep.

Howard stared into the darkness of the bedroom. Nothing was visible.

Suddenly he began to sniff the air suspiciously.

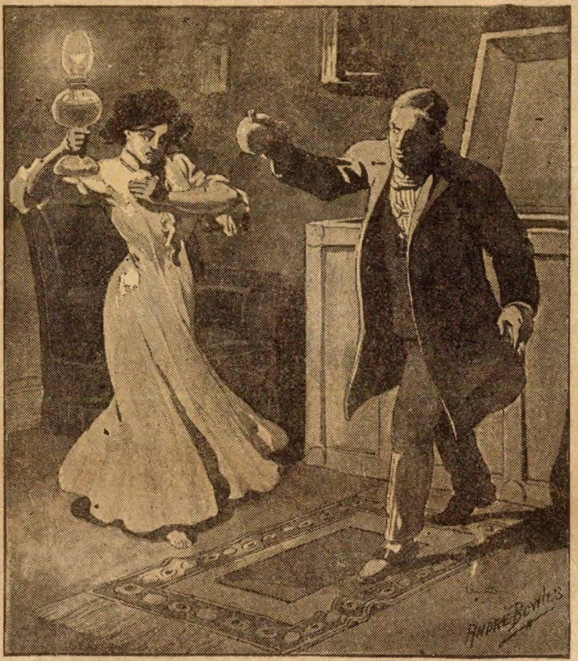
The next moment he felt acute alarm. He believed he could smell something burning, and he was hardly aware of the suspicion before he became convinced that this odor of burning goods, or paper, had been the cause of his waking up.

He shook his wife's arm. She opened her eyes with a start, and instantly exclaimed:

"Something is burning!"

It needed but this to convince Howard. He leaped from the bed and lighted the lamp. By this time his wife was upon her feet, also. They looked all about. There was no sign of a conflagration, but the odor had increased.

Scarcely taking time to fling his coat about him, Howard seized the lamp and ran with it into the hall. Outside he paused irresolutely. He could smell nothing. He hurried back into the room, and the odor was intensified.



It was a bomb!

"It isn't outside," he exclaimed. "It must be in this room."

The same thought flashed upon both their minds at once. His wife gave it utterance——

"The iron trunk!" she exclaimed, in terror.

They looked closely at the iron trunk. It was closed as they had last seen it. How could the odor of burning garments issue from the closed trunk?

"Hold the lamp," said Howard hastily, "and I will examine it."

She took the lamp, and her husband flung back the lid of the trunk.

"There it is!" exclaimed Howard, staring fixedly into the capacious depths of the great chest. "I see a spark. A spark, on the bottom of the trunk."

"A spark!" echoed his wife, in dismay. "How is it possible?"

"But hold the lamp nearer," said Howard, excitedly.

While she held the lamp, he bent down and reached to the bottom of the trunk, where a spark was to be seen, dully glowing. The next moment he uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Stand back!" he shouted. "Take that lamp away. Run for your life!"

His wife, pale as death, was unable to move a step. Howard without waiting to see if his command was obeyed, stooped lower, seized the spark in his hand and crushed it between his hands, not heeding the pain. The spark was extinguished.

Then he lifted out of the trunk a round black globe from which a twisted wick protruded. It was a bomb. The fuse had burned almost up to the shell. Had there been a delay of another minute, a fearful explosion must have taken place producing great havoc.

In that event, the iron trunk would have been no more. But, neither would have been Howard and his wife. The bomb, having been extinguished, was no longer dangerous; but Howard placed it in the middle of the bed, with the greatest care.

"Stay here and guard that bomb, to see that it doesn't get shaken," he told his wife. "I'm going to find out how it got in that trunk."

"Howard! What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to search the premises for the villain who was trying to blow up our house."

"But I can't stay here while you're gone. I should be frightened to death. And I'm afraid for you to go out in the yard—the man might kill you. Besides, how could anybody have put the bomb in the trunk, since the door is still locked, and the windows are still bolted?"

"You won't deny, I suppose, that somebody did put the bomb in the trunk?"

"I don't know what to think," she faltered, "but I can't be left alone here with that horrible bomb."

"Since the bomb was in the trunk, and was lighted, somebody put it there," Howard persisted. "And since it couldn't have been lighted very long, it can't have been long since a human hand put it in the trunk. Now that hand must have belonged to a human being. And in so short a time, he couldn't have got very far from this house. I must go and hunt him!" And Howard, darting to the head of the bed, drew forth his pistol.

Mrs. Willis clung to him in terror. "Don't leave me," she wailed.

"Then you are willing for people to trifle with out lives whenever and however it pleases them?"

"Howard," she answered tremulously, "if you will stay with me until daylight, I will consent to your employing a detective to investigate the mystery."

Howard paused. "And if it is necessary for him to hide in this house, you will consent?"

"I'll consent to anything except to be left alone."

"Good! I'd a thousand times rather hire a detective than hunt for my bomb-thrower," Howard confessed. "Very well, I will write to Richard Zellers the first thing in the morning, and explain our mystery, and ask him to solve it."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this strange story. You will find it strong and captivating to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Working Both.

"Good evening," he began.

"O, hello," answered she. "Let's see, I accepted you last night, did I not?"

"You certainly did," he came back. "And the night before that you refused me. You ought to be careful about those dates and not get 'em mixed."

"Well," she decided, "suppose you try again, and make it the best two out of three."

"I will not. I told you I'd die if you refused me."

"But you didn't."

"No, I wanted to live long enough to propose again. You are the only girl I ever loved."

"I believe it—you'd never spring that old chestnut if you'd ever had any experience. But what does your love amount to, anyhow?"

"It's overdrawn my salary for six weeks."

"O, you're just hateful, and I never want to speak to you again. So there's no use your following me into the next room, because I won't be there. I'll be in the library, over by the bay window."

"O, that's where I'm to come? Say, if you don't love me, why do you encourage me to keep on calling?"

"I'll tell you the truth. It's so papa will suspect that I love you, and will send me on a trip to Europe to overcome my infatuation."

* * *

A Cleanup.

The three amateur sharpers smiled. They thought they had found an easy mark. He was well dressed and grossly inebriated. And he bore a tight roll of bills that looked like a bologna sausage.

"Boys," he thickly said, "I'm goin' to shend thish wad of shtuff to th' Gov'ment laundry an' have it dry-cleaned. It's sho fearful dirty. Maybe one of you gents would kindly shee it's addresshed to proper place?"

"Why, yes," replied the gang. "We'll take care of it."

"Thanks," replied the victim. "An' now I mush ashk you to lemme have a few clean bills for emergensish, don't you know."

So they searched themselves and gave him a new 20 and a 10 and a 5. Then taking the soiled wad they hurried away.

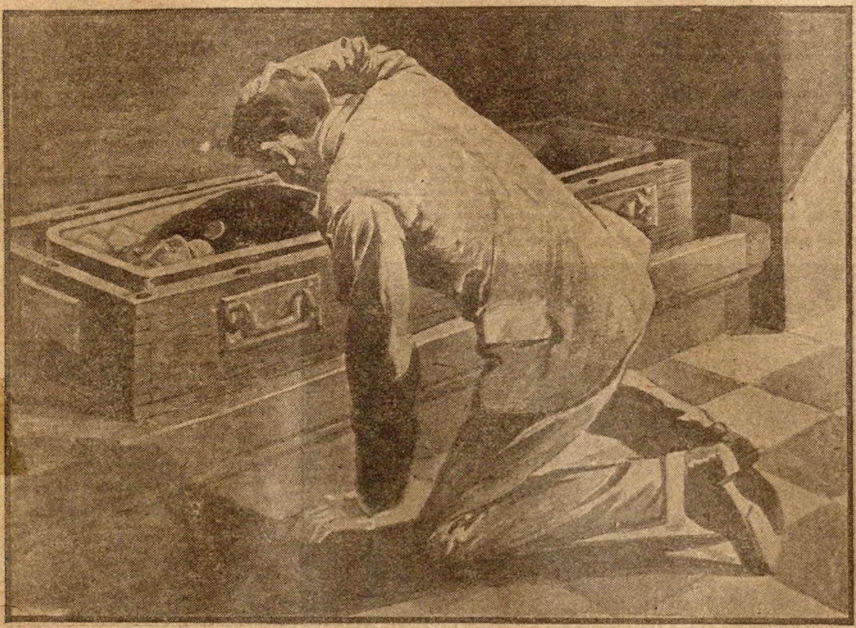
Two days later the three clever ones were arrested for having counterfeit money in their possession.

But the guileless inebriate was seen no more.

TRANCE or DEATH

or A Doctor's Mystic Power

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.



Begun in No. 16, April 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

NO, I shall not! I ground the words out with my head reeling. "There, I am better now!

Steadying myself, I carefully bore the point of the lancet into the bare artery, straining to make an oblong cut. Suddenly the bright liquor sanguinis shot into the air and Sam fell backward in a dead faint. Without giving him a second look I stooped over the girl and forced the end of the slim glass canal into the artery of my arm, and then, by the light of the flaring torches, I saw the red thread of my life scintillating along the tube with every pounding throb of my heart.

It was a dizzying situation, with the black man lying senseless by my feet, a torch flaming and sputtering upon the ground by his nerveless hand, the unearthly beauty of the bloodless girl resting like a shape of marble close before me, her pallor accentuated by the glaring light, and I, standing alone in the midst of that wide solitude, watching my lifeblood leave me. Yet, straining and frightful as it was, I remember nothing in all my years that yielded me a finer joy, or held me with a stronger fascination. Was I not saving the life of one I had wronged? Atoning with my heart's best treasure?

I could not hope by this crude manner of transfusion to more than lift her out of that great swoon into which she had fallen, a swoon which must soon end in death, for the red tide from out my heart must beat back the current flowing outward from her bosom, or, holding it in check, spread off through the lateral veins, and so supply her sweet body with reviving blood. Yet, clearly, the action of her heart was low and feeble, while my own, a stronger organ, and throbbing wildly with excitement, drove out its current blow upon blow.

Perhaps not more than a minute passed thus, for minutes are years in such a process, when the red flashes in the stem of glass slackened. I then grasped my left arm near the shoulder with my right hand and stripped it downward with all my power, literally wringing my blood through the tube into her veins.

Suddenly she sighed and turned her head as if she would sleep, then her eyelids fluttered wide, and she looked at me with a startled, wondering expression. She made a movement as if she would rise, and I placed my right hand upon her.

"Don't move, Marguerite—Mrs. Stanwood! If you want to live, don't stir!" I implored.

"Where am I? What are you doing?" she gasped.

"You are in the sheel on the island. You cut your arm and fainted," I explained hurriedly. "I am trying to restore your strength. I will finish in a moment!"

She rested her eyes upon my face an instant, then turned them upon the red tube joining my arm to hers, and something came into her face which I could neither read then nor can now describe. She closed her eyes. "You make me much better," she whispered, and was silent.

Suddenly Sam scrambled to his feet, rubbed his head furiously, and turned round and round.

"Here, Sam—quick!"

"Yes, Marse! Yes, Marse!"

"Twist up this this band on your mistress' arm! That is not tight enough! Take her arm between your thumb and finger with your thumb upon the artery—so! Squeeze it tightly!"

"Yes, Marse! Don't see why I went to sleep de way I did!"

"Never mind!" Hold hard!"

"Yes, Marse!"

I twirled up the band upon my own arm until the knot sank to the bone, then jerked the tube out. My head swam like a bubble in the wind; the torches passed in a circle around me, and their flame was of a greenish cast.

"Look out, Sam! Look out! Don't you touch me! Hold—fast—to—her—arm!" I plunged forward on my knees; the burning torch was close before me upon the ground; it swam with the earth toward me, and despite all effort I fell upon it. Instantly I was rolled away by some one. I could not see, but I felt the hands upon me.

"Hold—fast—to—her—arm!" I could not tell if I spoke the words with my lips, or if the sentence were a shadowy thought groping through the darkness gathering in my brain.

"Yes, Marse!" I seemed to hear those two words, far away and faint as the whisper of an insect's wing.

I think I did not lose consciousness entirely. I had a distinct impression that my head was a cave, and that black water was flowing into it in long roaring waves, each wave feeling about the roof and walls of the cavern as if it were a living thing. Then suddenly I seemed lying between two glistening billows, which, internally, were filled as with the milky fire of opals. Over me was a sky of pale green crystal, set with tiny spouting tubes of flame. Then as suddenly I was on my feet, and all was clear.

"Bress Gord, he's up ergin!" I heard Sam exclaim.

After steadying myself a moment, I turned to the shagreen case. Rummaging in it I found styptic acid in a phial, and needles and silver thread. Going close to one of the torches I held the acid to the arterial incision until it was contracted, laid the little flap of flesh back in its original position, stitched it fast with the silver thread, placed a strip of surgeon's plaster over it, and bound it hard with a strip of cloth.

I glanced at Marguerite. Her eyes were closed and her face turned away.

I then removed the compressing bandage from my arm. As the released blood flew down its channel, the wound and my whole benumbed forearm and hand seemed on fire. Again I was dizzy from the hard trial just passed, but in a little space both the smarting prickle and my giddiness lapsed, and I turned to Marguerite. Sam was faithfully holding the torn artery with his thumb.

"Do you feel that you could bear to have your wound dressed now?" I asked.

Her lips moved, and I bent near to hear. She was yet so weak she could only speak easily in a whisper.

"I think so," she said. "But, Mr. Stanwood, I am very—very thirsty!"

This was inevitable after so great a loss of the body's sustaining fluid. For the first time I then thought of a stimulant; in my haste and agitation I had forgotten this simple and essential help. Searching in the large chest, I found a number of bottles, acids, poisons and liquors, which my father, no doubt, used in his experiments. One of these, which contained brandy I uncorked, and, pouring a little in some water, lifted the young woman's head and gave her it to drink. She drained the cup and asked for more. Again I filled it and she drank it.

"Oh, it is so very good!" she whispered.

"Now, I will try and dress your hurt," I said, as cheerfully as I could; "it will pain you very little, I think."

"I am ready," she whispered.

I found two anæsthetics in the leather case, but in her weak condition feared to use such powerful agents. However, there was a phial of aconitine; with this I bathed her arm about the wound until it was numbed, then dressed the cut much as I had my own. When the task was finished, Sam heaved a great sigh.

"Marse Francis," he exclaimed, "yo' is growed to be a great man since de days w'en yo' wuz a little trick up yander to de house! Yo' saves us like de good Gord, coz yo' knows a heap sight mor'n we alls do!"

"All right, Sam, but I am far more hungry for food than for praise. You forget that I have eaten nothing for twelve hours, my boy! Besides, Mrs. Stanwood must have some coffee now, if there is any."

"Yes, Marse! Lor', yes! I wuz jus' t'inkin' ob dat w'en I wuz stan'in' here holdin' her yarm! We fotched plenty in de basket, an' we is been savin' it fo' yo', Marse Francis!"

He flew out and began building a fire. I turned to Marguerite, and, arranging about her the cushions and shawls, which Sam had brought from the boat when we we landed, asked if she were comfortable.

"Yes," she said, "only that her arm burned and she was very thirsty."

I gave her drink again, and wrapped her injured arm loosely in wet cloths. The torches were burning low, and I ignited fresh ones and stuck them in the ground outside the door. Sam had a large fire burning not far from the sheel, and was busy about it. I felt weak and unstrung, and went and sat down at the foot of a tree near the water and leaned my head against the tree trunk.

The picture before me was a queer, uncanny one. The restless lights and shadows waving and beating up against the dark ceiling of leaves overhead, like the mixing wings of good and evil spirits striving there; the curling flames of the pine knots repeating and re-repeating themselves a hundred fold on the black oil-like waters; the white, still figure of the girl lying in the hammock inside the sheel, with the wavering light of the torches falling upon her through the door; the sooty, gnome-like figure of Sam silhouetted against the flame; around all and over all the vast gloom and stillness of the mighty swamp. I closed my eyes, vaguely wondering when the strange hardships and terrors which had so suddenly beset the current of my life would find an end. Was it not all a hideous phantasy? a concoction of sleep? Had I really been awake since that dawn when I set out so hopefully from Punta Gorda?

"Marse Francis, de coffee am made; you' can come an' eat."

Yes, it was all true. I got up stiffly and went to the door of the odd little house. There was food and coffee on a table there. Inside I saw Sam standing by Marguerite with a steaming cup in his hand. I sat down and began eating with such pleasure as only a half-starved man may know.

When I finished, Sam was standing by me. "Can you keep awake tonight, Sam?" I asked.

"Yes, Marse Francis."

"I am very weak and tired, Sam; I must sleep. You must watch your mistress closely. She is exhausted and might sink if she sleeps too long. I will mix some brandy and water, and you must waken her every hour and give her a few spoonfuls. Call me if she needs me."

"Yes, Marse, I'll watch; yo' can 'pe[illegible] on me, Marse."

I went inside. Marguerite lay like one asleep. How white and beautiful she seemed! My heart throbbed as I looked at her. A great tenderness was growing in me, and yet how far away she was from me! What an abyss lay between us!

I mixed the brandy and water and set it on the table, then took an old piece of tapestry from the wall and went out, and, spreading it under a tree, lay down upon it with a groan. In a little time the darkness of my mind seemed to join itself to the darkness of the world, and I sank into that stream which, though unfelt, to the wounded and defeated is elysian.

CHAPTER VIII.

When I awoke after sinking to sleep under the trees that night in the swamp, a greenish, opaline light was filtering in upon me through the leafy canopy.

Turning my eyes about me I saw the watery lanes radiating from the little isle not wholly unlike the spokes of a mighty wheel, all these green-wood tunnels being filled as with a pure, attenuated smoke, ending in vistas of gloom. My eyes then fell upon the odd, arbor-like structure near by, and at once all was clear to me.

I sprang up; the charred stubs of the torches were sticking in the ground by the door, and Sam's fire was burned out. I went to the door and looked in. Sam was sitting upon a box in a corner, his eyes and mouth wide open, his hands clasped tightly across his stomach, and a straining expression on his face as if he were holding up a heavy burden. At first glance I thought him dead, possibly frightened to death, but in a moment I saw that he was fast asleep. Poor fellow, he had surely tried to keep awake, if the expression of his face might be accepted as testimony!

Marguerite was lying in a cold sort of stupor, breathing slow and scantily. The veins on her hands and fallen eyelids were but faint blue threads, her curved lashes lay upon shadow-like rings below her eyes, and her lips looked drawn and pale. I at once prepared some water and brandy and aroused her. As I lifted her with my arm about her shoulders, and placed the beverage to her lips, she looked into my eyes.

"You are good," she whispered, and drank with her eyes still lingering gratefully on my face. I trembled so I could scarcely hold the cup.

I walked around the island brooding, immersed again in the dark waters of my trouble. Presently Sam called me to the table, and, after drinking some coffee, I went to the north end of the tiny continent where grew a great bed of ferns. These I gathered in armfuls and brought to the boat, making a soft bed in the forward end of the little craft for Marguerite. The young woman and Sam having by this time dispatched their meager breakfast, I brought the shawls, cushions, rug, and the piece of tapestry, and arranged them upon the bed of ferns, and returned to the sheel.

"Do you feel strong enough to make the trip home, Mrs. Stanwood?" I asked.

She turned her big eyes to my face. "I fear I cannot walk to the boat," she said faintly.

"Sam and I will carry you in the hammock," I said.

She looked at me gratefully. "I wonder if any one was ever so good as you?" she said, with a smile. "How your mother must have loved you!"

I could say nothing, but took the leather case and went out and placed it under the oar-seat of the boat.

When all was ready we brought the young woman out in the hammock, carrying her lightly, one at each end of the net, and laid her down at the water's edge.

"Press the boat's side close against the shore, Sam," I said.

When it was done, I lifted Marguerite and laid her upon the fern-bed among the cushions. I cannot say what a cry against myself went up in my soul that I should thus put my arms about one I had so wronged, nor yet what a thrill of [illegible] through me in the brief moment she lay against my breast. That quality of impulse and its source yet puzzles me; conscience and the body fighting eternally for the mastery in man has puzzled the thought of all ages. In me it was a fierce battle from that dreadful hour upon the bridge. How it should progress and end is, in some part, the motive of this history.

Having righted things about the vine-walled shed, we set off from the island. I sat down to the oars, but in a moment found that the wound upon my arm, from the strain of lifting Marguerite, had begun to bleed. The ooze, however, was venous rather than arterial, springing apparently from the superficial wound, so I tied a handkerchief tightly about it and pulled slowly onward. I turned my head and looked at Marguerite but once. She then lay among the cushions with her eyes closed, seemingly soothed by the soft bed and the boat's downy motion. The smoky film, which earlier hung in the weird Lanes, was now merged in a greenish, translucent air tinged here and there with a wavering, vague vermilion. Somewhere out in the unseen, open world the sun was rising!

Sam sat in the stern and held the tiller ropes, but steered so very badly I [illegible] compelled to ask him to resign that duty to the oars. He immediately released the ropes and clutched the sides of the boat, and after that looked happier. We went out of the great tangle of channels surely and without adventure. I felt that I should never again lose myself along that liquid road; its windings were cut into my memory with the sharpest of all tools—painful experience.

There was a certain element of freedom, of relief, when, after a considerable lapse of time, we swung out of the swamp into the open river again; the black man's face at least reflected unqualified approval, a gratification bordering on ecstasy. As for me, with liberation from the Dead-lanes came the more terrifying danger of finding that which I fain would see, yet feared most of all animate or inanimate things upon the world's face.

If my father's body had gone to the bottom near the bridge, by this time it might have risen to the surface and now be floating seaward. If it had at once been swept outward by the strong ebb, it yet might have lodged in an eddy or against some submerged obstruction, and now at any moment might rise and turn its appalling face to me. So I reflected in anguish, a silent apprehension which grew as time passed to a sort of delirium of fear. I pulled forward, narrowly scanning the water on either hand, a dew of horror dripping from my face.

Suddenly, as we came around a bend in the stream, a canoe shot out of the mouth of a creek and met us.

"W'y, dare is Mistah Cackler, sho' as yo' is libin' dis minet!" exclaimed Sam.

I turned and looked at the man in the canoe. He had a swampy look, a tangled, disordered, gray-moss aspect of garb, hair, and figure, much as if, like certain birds and animals, nature had colored and fitted him to his environment, that he might the more surely approach his prey. He had a shrewd, sallow, knife-like face, a hooked nose, and a mouth which was fallen in from loss of teeth, like a roof from under which the supporting columns have crumbled. He sat upon his knees in the canoe, and by his side lay a long, slim-barreled rifle.

"Hullo!" he said. "W'y this yere is young Mistah Stanwood, shore enough! I nuver seed ye but a precious few times afore, but I see ye look some like y'r dad; lighter complected, though!" He put a claw-like hand across the side of the boat and shook my hand. "I take hit ye don't riccolect me very well," he went on. "I'm Jude Cackler, what lives down at the aige of the Lanes to the so'west thare. Y'r dad sometimes comes down ter my cabin an' takes the canoe inter the swamp."

His voice was pitched high, and his talk—a kind of cackle—associated his name and vocal manner at once and inevitably in the listener's mind. I shook his stringy, knotted hand, and greeted him as decently as I could in my anxious, disturbed condition.

"Ye know I neighbor a right smart weth y'r dad," he began, then broke off suddenly and looked with fallen jaw at the wan girl lying asleep among the shawls in the prow of the boat.

"Wall," he went on, in a hushed, awed fashion, "y've got sick folks aboard, I see. W'at seems ter be th' trouble?"

"Mrs. Stanwood cut her arm by accident while we were in the Lanes. She lost a great deal of blood and is very weak. I think, however, that she will recover."

"Shore—I hope so!"

"Mistah Cackler," ventured Sam.

The lank, leathery swamper turned his ferret-like eyes upon the speaker, an infinite patronage in his air. Palpably he had the usual "white trash" contempt for his social congener, the negro.

"Wall?" he grunted.

"Has Marse Doctah Stanwood been to yo' house jus' lately, Mistah Cackler?" asked Sam.

"No, not fer two weeks or more. What concarn is hit ter y'r kind ter ax if he's been ter see me or no? Air you salectin' o' his company fer him nowadays?" replied the swamper, with lofty scorn.

"No, sah, I'ze not salectin' de Doctah's 'sociates fo' him! If I wuz I wouldn' be lookin' roun' de Daid-lanes fur 'em. Yo' know dat, Mistah Cackler!" said Sam witheringly. "De Docath's been gone to Garcia a couple or three days now, an' de Mistis she t'ink mebby he done stop on his way back an' go ober to de Lanes fo' to see his t'ings dare. Dat's all."

The swamper did not deign a reply, but started onward. Suddenly he turned the canoe and paddled close up to the boat again. Watching Marguerite through the tail of his eye, and shielding his mouth from Sam with his crumpled hand, he whispered hoarsely: "Mistah Stanwood, ye don't happen ter hev a plug of terbacker about ye that I c'd borrer twel I go ter town, hev ye?"

Replying that I had not learned to use the weed, I pulled onward, while the swamper, with indescribable regret in every motion, turned and paddled down the river out of sight. What if he should find the body of my father? He had an eye like a falçon's. The thought brought the damp again to my brow.

We made the little landing above the bridge at last, and the thorn of apprehension was in a measure withdrawn from my heart.

When we were drawn up to the landing I awoke the sleeping girl. She had slept deliciously, she said and felt somewhat improved. Again we laid her in the hammock, Sam having placed it in the boat, and then we carried her up the pathway, through the orange orchard, through the fruit-laden limes, through the shining magnolias, and in among the flowers to the house. Abbie, the serving maid, came out to meet us, wringing her hands and crying, followed by a half score more of ebony faces, all distorted with anxiety and fear.

"De Mistis had been 'witched in de Daid-lanes! De ghostess had drunked de bressed Mistis' blood! I jus' 'clared las' night she nebber done come outen dem ha'nted Lanes alive! Oh! oh!"

Thus I heard them lamenting, many of them with their faces buried in their hands and quaking as with cold.

"Be quiet!" I said, sternly. "Your mistress cut her arm by accident. She will soon be well. Abbie, have some coffee, toast, and broth prepared, and bring them to Mrs. Stanwood's chamber. Uncle Peter, if there is some wine in the cellar, please bring a bottle of it."

We carried her up to her beautiful chamber and laid her upon the bed. "Mrs. Stanwood," I said, "shall I go to Garcia for a physician?"

"Oh, no," she said, faintly, "I shall not be weak long. If you will, I would be glad if you would attend me until your father comes."

I bowed. "When your maid comes then," I said, "have her bathe you in water sharpened with a little alcohol. After you have eaten, sleep; food and sleep will restore you soonest." I turned to go. She pushed her unhurt hand toward me.

"Let me thank you," she said, a great light of gratitude in her eyes. "Words seem so poor a return, but let me say I thank you."

I put my fingers in her outspread palm, and she held them a little time with closed eyes and tears slipping across her cheeks. She said nothing more, but turned her head and put her lips against my hand, and I came out of the room sadder and more humble than I had ever conceived it possible for man to be.

CHAPTER IX.

I sat alone at the table that morning in the sumptuous diningroom and Abbie brought me food. A curious gilt clock on a shelf of onyx struck nine soft, leisurely blows on its gong as I finished eating. The strokes were musical and distant in effect, like the tolling of a far off cathedral bell.

I had much to think of, much that was grievous, taxing, insoluble. I got up after a time and went out and walked about in the orchards, brooding, comfortless.

I sprang over the wall and walked far up the road, and away across the low pine covered hills. It seemed impossible that I should ever know tranquillity or rest again. I cannot here set down all, or even a portion, of that which had mental birth and death within me that day. At this distance it seems a blur of many thoughts and emotions fused together in suffering. I remember that I did not return to the house until nightfall, and that I sat in the sumptuous diningroom alone again and ate with small appetite of the viands Abbie brought.

I have a clearer memory of that which followed, for then I ascended to Marguerite's chamber and dressed her wound. This hour, and those employed in the same delicate task afterward, had in them always the mingled elements of pain and pleasure; that sudden deepening and widening of my moral wound which I always felt in her presence, and a growing pleasurable tenderness for her, against the power of which my strength was as a child's.

When I had made an end of the little operation that evening, she thanked me, and asked if I would not send one of the men to Garcia on the morrow to inquire for her husband. If something unusual had not detained him there, no doubt he had gone to Tampa, she thought, or possibly to New Orleans. In such an event he would have left his horse at Garcia, and, she fancied, an explanatory letter in the mail for her. He had told her that it was his habit to go away frequently, as he had outlying interests that laid this demand upon him. She had found him very fond and attentive since their marriage, and she confessed his singular absence perplexed her.

I listened to all that she said in silence. When she had finished I said that I would go to Garcia in person in the morning and bring her whatever intelligence I could; that I remembered now that she had expressed such a wish before we went to the swamp, but among all that had happened the intention to comply with it had fallen out of my mind.

After that I went down and sat upon the gallery, and watched the moon heave its great disk from the treetops in the east, as many times I had watched it with my mother in those other far off tranquil hours. From out the large flower gardens south and east of the mansion came tender perfumes, and I saw the moonlight creeping like a white growth of intelligence over the faces of two marble figures which my father had, I fancied, but lately placed in the gardens.

These brought me to think of the changes my father had caused to be wrought in the place since my mother's death. Doubtless his desire had been a natural one, seeing that he was to take to himself a young wife so soon. Perhaps in this fresh relation he cared to be reminded as seldom as possible of the old, I thought, and with any other man it might have been the same.

I wandered about from room to room, and felt myself emerge at length from a condition of bitter-indifference to something bordering upon interest. Even through that curious half blindness for externals which a great soul trouble induces, I felt the harmonious beauty of the rooms, as one feels the beauty of music which he is too busy to consciously hear. My father had had an exquisite taste; through all his life, contrasting strangely with his keen malevolence, he had pleased himself with delicate aestheticisms of many sorts. This quality of his mind was visible in the general color scheme of all the rooms, there being everywhere a contrast of hues, but always a harmony of tone.

The library, a very large room, and quite as much a place of pictures as of books, I found had been newly finished in russets and metallic copper tints, rich hued and most delicately blent. In one corner stood a statue of Buddha, smiling strangely. The paintings in this room were significant of my father's character and indicated in some degree the singular duality of his nature.

In the center of the room was a long mahogany table covered with bronzed leather. Upon this books were strewn. I turned to these. A few were essays on surgery and medicine, but far more were works on psychology, astrology, necromancy and Oriental occultism. Apparently my father had been making long and exhaustive studies in these mysteries. Above the table hung a Moorish lamp, which threw down a prismatic, grateful light upon the table and against the beauteous, haunting pictures along the walls.

At one side of the table was a large easy chair of dark wine-colored plush, and before it upon the table were pens, ink and packages of manuscript. The ink well was uncovered, a pen, as if dropped from the fingers, lay beside a half-written page. He had doubtless risen from writing and gone upon that short journey which my hand was to turn into disaster.

I went to his chair and looked down upon the paper, half horrified, ashamed, yet singularly curious to know what his last written words might be. The words which my eyes fell upon were these: "This power, nurtured and expended on

REDUCE YOUR FAT

Rengo Rapidly Reduces Excess Fat Without the Aid of Tiresome Exercises or Starvation Diet.

50c Box Free

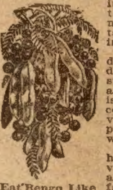
Rengo will reduce excess fat and build up the strength and health of anyone who eats it regularly for a short time. It is a product of nature, delicious to the taste and safe and harmless in all its properties.

Rengo will positively reduce surplus fat rapidly and do so without harm to the subject. It is very palatable and pleasant to eat. It is prepared in a highly concentrated form and is convenient to carry in the pocket so one can have it with him at all times.

Rengo requires no exhausting exercises or starvation dieting to help it out as so many of the so-called fat remedies do. You can go right ahead and attend to your regular daily duties. It compels proper assimilation of the food and sends the food nutriment into the muscles, bones and nerves and builds them up instead of piling it up in the form of excess fat.

It is mild, pleasant and harmless; put up in concentrated form in small packages for convenience.

If you suffer from excess fat send your name and address to-day for a free 50c box of Rengo, mailed in plain wrapper. Fill out free coupon below.



Eat Rengo Like Fruit or Candy.

This Illustration Plainly Shows What Rengo Has Done.

FREE 50c BOX COUPON.

If you suffer from excess fat all you have to do is to fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to Rengo Co., 3380 Rengo Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will mail in plain wrapper, free, a 50c box if you enclose 10c silver or stamps to help cover postage and packing.

Name...

Street ....

City ....State..............

If space above is too small write name on slip of paper.

You Can Dress Well On $1.00 A Week

MEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER

AFTER LATEST NEW YORK DESIGNS

We will trust any honest man anywhere. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for our samples and book of latest New York fashions free. EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO., Dept. "B W." America's Largest and Leading Merchant Tailors. Est. 1885. 239 Broadway through to No. 1 Park Place, N. Y. City

ON CREDIT BY MAIL

DR. D. M. COONLEY'S
ORANGE LILY
SUPPOSITORIES

LADIES, Why Suffer?

ORANGE LILY cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration, and other irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady will send a 50-cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE. Send at once to

MRS. C. I. FRETTER,
Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

Ladies, $500 Reward

Ergo Myrrh Compound Capsules

Best for monthly irregularities. Absolutely safe and reliable. Mailed in plain wrapper, $2. DR. TRUDEL, 165A Dearborn St., Chicago Ill.

4 RINGS GIVEN

Sell 12 packs SUN-O-LENE the Famous Healer and Beautifier at 10c each. Return $1.20 when sold and we send 4 pretty rings FREE.
32 Sun Co., Frederick, Md.

How to Entertain Book with 250 Jokes and Riddles, 73 Toasts, 67 Parlor Tricks, 8 Fortune-telling Secrets, 52 Money-Making Secrets, 22 Funny Readings. All 10c Postpaid.
J. C. DORN, 417 Dearborn St., Chicago, Dept. 17

NOVEL FIRE ESCAPE. A boon to firemen; convenient for all buildings; fireproof and safe. For plan, etc., write A. N. Burkard, Cullman, Ala.

the side of good, would make the possessor a Christ, directed in the line of evil it might easily render its owner a fiend."

This was the last sentence he had written, a strange, astounding statement. What power could he refer to? I walked away from the table and back again. Was it fair and courteous to read what he had so lately written and left lying there? Clearly he had purposed returning to finish it. Was it intended for other eyes than his own? Even if I read it might I not find something fatal there? Yet I put out my hand to take it. As I did so I seemed to hear a step upon the rich carpet behind me and a voice whispering:

"Marguerite is dying!"

In great fright I instantly turned round, but there was no one present; nothing but silence and the soft light falling against the haunting pictures on the wall.

CHAPTER X.

As I turned about that night in the library, expecting to meet the frightened face of Abbie, and beheld no more than the perpetual tragedy of the pictures, and the prismatic light falling down the rich curtains which hung across the door, a chill of terror ran along my nerves. It was as if an invisible being had stood beside me and whispered that startling message in my ear. I parted the portieres and stepped out into the lighted drawingroom. No one was there. I stood still and listened. All was silence.

And yet I could not dismiss the impression that I should go up to Marguerite's room. I should properly do so in any event before I retired, I thought. It was growing late. I went out through the drawingroom, and across the receptionroom into the front hall. At the foot of the broad stair I met Sam. He was hurrying to me.

"Marse Francis," he gasped, "Abbie say de young mistis am done fainted or something! Dey am needin' yo' bad!"

I brushed by him and sprang up the stair and down the hall to the young wife's room, and entered without knocking. The mulatto girl was bending over the white one, chafing her hands and crying. She at once gave way to me.

"Get some hot water, Abbie, as speedily as you can, and heat some flannels," I said.

The young woman lay unconscious, her face as a white cameo in its frame of tumbled, lustrous hair. Her pulse was feeble and fluttering. I bathed her wrists and blue veined temples with alcohol, and wet her lips with brandy. After a little time her eyes opened, and she looked into my face questioningly.

"You fainted," I said quietly.

"Oh."

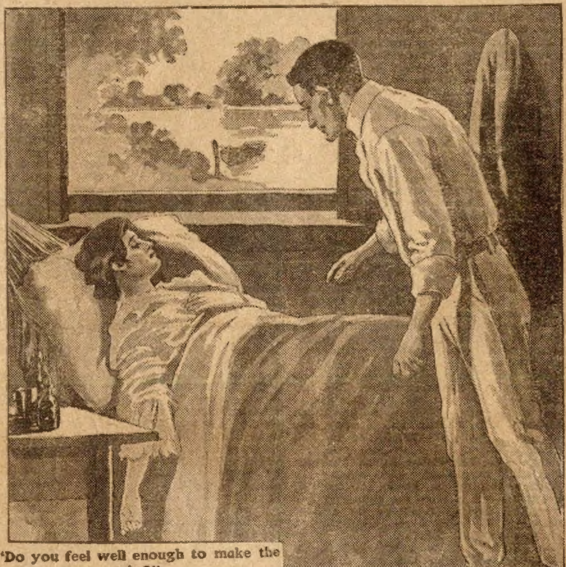
After a moment she went on. "I guess I was indiscreet. I was tired of lying down and had Abbie prop me up with the pillows. I hurt my arm in attempting to lift myself, and suddenly I seemed freezing, and felt so very, very strange. I thought that I was dying, and wished very much that you would come. Then suddenly I knew no more."

"Your blood is still rather scant in quantity," I said; "rising, as you did, it left your brain unsupplied, and so you became unconscious. In a day or two that danger will pass away. Until then you must lie quietly. Have Abbie wrap your limbs in warm flannels when she comes."

"I would like it if you would remain with me a little while; I fear my courage will not be over good until I sleep again. If you will be so good you may go into my sittingroom; Abbie will tell you when I am asleep."

I bowed and passed between half drawn curtains of an exquisite pale kind of silk into the adjoining room. These had been my mother's apartments, and, when I was yet young, I had often played about her feet as she sat here. Yet, I felt a stranger to the room. All that had pertained to her had been taken away. The apartment had been daintily and beautifully treated in ivory and gold. Even the furniture was white, touched with gilt, and upholstered in the tenderest of buffs and yellows.

As I sat thus, shutting my eyes from the hateful, beauteous place, the mulatto girl stood before me. "De mist'es has gone to sleep," she said, with a courtesy. I arose, and opening the door into the passage way, descended to the hall below, and after a moment's hesitation, went out upon the gallery and walked up and down.



"Do you feel well enough to make the trip?"

Presently I began to think of the manuscripts upon my father's desk in the library. My curiosity was profoundly piqued by the last strange clause which I had read. It seemed to me that somehow it contained a key to my father's character and the motive principle of his actions. "Having this power one might, accordingly as he employed it, become a savior or a fiend!" That was the sense of it. Was this dangerous power native to man or acquired? Was it physical or mental supremacy, this gift that might make one a demon or a saint? Perhaps the power of which he had written contained a solution to this. Perhaps he sought and searched for it that it might serve him in making existence a light and gratifying thing. I lifted the rich portieres aside, let them fall behind me, and stood in the splendid room of books and pictures. The mellow effulgence of the Moorish lamp, touched here and there with prismatic hues, fell over all, adding to the soft browns and coppers of the apartment a faintly weird and Oriental tone. I sat down at the end of the table and drew the manuscripts toward me.

The essays began with a profound thesis, or study, of the mysterious faculty in animals we call hibernation. The number of authenticated instances where animals of different sorts had accidentally been long immured from every possible supply of those things which foster and continue life, and had come forth to conscious activity again, were astonishing. Among the more astounding citations, borne out by names, dates and witnesses, were the cases of a Russian girl, who had lain unconscious through fifty-one days, packed deep in a snow slide, and that of an American girl who, having expired suddenly, and having been buried twenty-two years, being exhumed, was found to be precisely as when buried, round, plump, undiscolored, undecayed. My father expressed the opinion that these girls lay in the trance called hibernation, and that, in the case of the latter, had one with the wisdom and power of the high caste Indian Yogi been present, she could have been at once restored to life. All the matter of the essay was strange and disturbing to me, and I received it with the incredulity of early manhood.

The next paper in the collection had written at its top, "A Study in Apparent Death," and dealt more directly with the phenomena of common sleep. Simple as these phenomena seemed, and coming daily into the life of every man, yet their real cause and process remained obscure and in doubt. He went into an elaborate argument, however, to show that the withdrawal of blood from the brain during sleep, and the consequent cessation of conscious activity in the encephalic mass, was probably due to the suspension of the force we call light, which, in man, as in plants, seems the chief promotive of vital operations.

The strangest proposition in this essay, and the one which he palpably sought to approach the nearest, was, however, that while in sleep, when it assumed the trance condition, man was capable of seeing objects, not with his eyes, but with the soul or at least a consciousness equal to the eye. He cited the case of the somnambulist who nightly rose while sleeping and wrought at his accustomed task, of the clergyman who wrote sermons in his slumbers precisely as when awake, of the musician who composed and performed while unconscious from sleep, and in each case, he averred, they wrought, by actual test, quite as well with eyes blindfolded as when with open eyes, yet sleeping, they so mysteriously did their work.

Another of these papers dealt entirely with occult phenomena, witnessed by himself and other travelers in India and other portions of the East. He himself had seen a Yogi, at Lahore, enter into a condition so closely resembling death that even a technical difference could not possibly be ascertained. He had assisted in person at the interment of this high caste Indian, and when a crop of wheat had been sown and come to fruition upon the grave, he had helped in exhuming the man, who, though moldy and apparently dead, after an hour of manipulation by the brethren of his class, returned to normal life again.

In the last paper, which was not entirely finished, he had entered carefully into a study of that which seemed to me the most marvelous of all, the question of psychical influence, or the control which certain dominant human organizations exercise over the lives and destinies of their fellows. Again he went to the lore of India, and to his experiences there, for proof of much that he advanced.

One could find no easier way of committing murder, he intimated; besides, dissolution in such a case would be absolutely without pain, and leave no evidence of the cause. At this point my eye came to that sentence of the unfinished thesis which had first enchained me:

"This power, nurtured and expended on the side of good, should make the possessor of it a Christ, directed in the line of evil it might easily render its owner a fiend!"

I sat astounded, appalled. My father had carried the lives of others in his hand. Had held them over the grave as by a thread! In his brain, subject to his will, had lain sheathed an invisible weapon, beside the subtlety and sureness of which the insidious poisons of a Borgia were crudity itself!

I cannot recall all that swept through my mind in those few moments, but I know now that as I paced to and fro I suddenly staggered back as if dealt a blow. Something seemed to fly into my brain and sting me there. It was this thought:

"What if, tiring of my mother and loving Marguerite, he had put to death, through this invisible agency, the sweet woman who bore me!"

It was 3 o'clock in the morning. Why should I not go to my mother's tomb and look upon her face again? Why should I not learn if this scorching suspicion of murder were not true?

The moon lay far over in the west, its faint, frosty radiance nursing into life a thousand spectral shapes. The marble dew-god and the drouth-nymph, dim, half seen, seemed moving among the shrubbery like pale, disembodied souls; the bay trees and magnolias, touched with thin ethereal white, loomed against the silver network of the stars, like trees seen in a dream. I rose up and went out and walked in the garden, thinking, brooding, revolving the problem every way.

The little graveyard where she lay, being upon the estate, it followed that my father had controlled it absolutely. Hence it was probable that the key to the crypt was among his possessions. I began to look for it. At one side of the room stood a mahogany cabinet of drawers, in the center of this, at the top was a small diamond-shaped cheval glass, on either side of that were niches stopped from the eye with small carved doors. Opening one of these I was startled [illegible] the instant by looking into the marble face of Marguerite.

It was an exquisite piece of sculpture, an alto-rilievo done in snow white stone. The eyes of the lovely face were closed as in sleep, while about its lips hovered a smile as from the pleasure of a delightful dream. It was very beautiful, and I stood some moments fascinated by the snowy thing. Then a disturbing thought came to my mind.

"Had my father brought it here, from out the world somewhere, before my mother's death? Had he secreted it in this niche, and used he often to come here and gloat over its beauty? When working at his manuscripts, did he often rise and open this little door and feast upon it? Being always here, did this cold, exquisite effigy, like some accursed charm, lead him to crime at last?"

I closed the carved door upon it, but its spell remained upon me. I shut my eyes, and still for some moments saw it plainly. "Curse the object!" I muttered, and struck myself upon the forehead, "am I also to be witched and led to torture by a woman's face?" And yet I opened the little door again and looked upon it—childish, tender visage! To him who worshiped it aright surely it could bring but joy and peace.

I opened the door of the other niche; nothing was there save some dainty trinkets brought by my father from his travels. The drawers of the cabinet were locked. I turned away and tried all other sources which the apartment offered, but vainly; evidently my father had had his keys upon his person that fatal night. Now both he and they were lost!

I went out into the garden again and back through the orchards to the tool house. In my old workroom I knew were numerous tools. Finding my way into this, I felt about until I had secured some iron implements, such as I hoped might serve my need, and then set off down the road toward the south.

When I came to the white gate of the inclosure, I paused again, and stood a little looking at the few ghost-like stones under the protecting oaks. Then with a great throb, half terror, half eagerness, I opened the gate and entered. The ground was matted with lush grass, which was sprinkled thickly with flowers; these, seen in the dim light, ran everywhere over the sward like black embroidery. A low wind ran through the treetops, whispering of the far-off sea. When I came to the tomb, I stopped involuntarily and bowed myself with uncovered head. I was a living man, strangely wicked, upon holy ground.

After a time I arose and went down the stone steps to the iron door of the crypt. It was locked. Though it had always been a place of dread to me, I knew its entrance and its one dim chamber well.

The door opened outward, and was fastened by an iron strip, which ran across it and through heavy iron staples at either side. The extreme ends of this strip were pierced with holes, in which hung padlocks of brass. Taking an iron bar, which I had brought with me, I inserted the point of it under the iron strip close to one of the staples, and, having placed a hammer head beneath the point of the bar as a fulcrum, by a strong effort I succeeded in drawing the staple out. After having drawn the other staple in a similar manner, I came out, and going a little distance away, stood with bared head under a tree, waiting for the dawn.

(Continued next week.)

* * *

Likewise, a Hair Cut.

Briggs—The government is establishing free barber shops in the West for the Indians.

Jiggs—It's coming to them. They gave the early settlers many a close shave.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

CONQUEST OF THE MOON;

Or, The Airship's Cargo of Diamonds

By GEORGE T. HARGREAVES.

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 13, April 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office, of publication.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WOMAN WILL DARE.

FOR an instant Virginia cowered before the Frenchman's revolver. Then, recognizing the man's purpose to steal the airship, she darted at him like one possessed.

"Thief, villain!" she cried with blazing eyes, "how dare you?"

She sought to grasp the weapon he extended but he drew it away from her. Again she lunged toward it.

Excited by his double task of directing the ship and warding off the woman's attack, he pulled the trigger. The shot went wide of its intended victim and flattened itself on the metal floor of the room.

In the smoke of the shot created, the girl sought again to close with Jeroc. But ere she reached him, a faint cry for help paralyzed her.

It came to her ears again, faint and despairing.

"It's Lester!" she screamed. "Quick, to the door! He must be hanging on there!"

Like a tigress she darted out of the room, followed closely by the professor, slowly coming out of his astonishment.

Tugging fiercely at the lock, she at length managed to tear it loose. Then she dragged open the heavy steel door.

Heedless of her own danger, she leaned far out. In the dusk and sickening speed, she espied two hands gripped about the steel bar of the landing stage.

"Steady, dear, just a moment," she shouted, "and I'll have you safe!"

Clad in her dainty suit of khaki with its skirt reaching midway between knee and ankle, and plump leggings completing the nether outfit, she sprawled at full length at the opened door.

"Catch hold of my feet, professor," she called, "and hang on for your life."

The astronomer, trembling yet brave, squatted and as he gripped the girl's ankles braced both his feet against the door frame.

Virginia, breathing a prayer, edged outward. For an instant her eyes closed in terror as she beheld her lover, his feet flung straight back in the air because of the terrific speed at which the airship was traveling.

But she nerved herself anew, and quickly reached both hands far out upon the landing stage, moving them forward inch by inch until they could touch Babcock's hand. Yet she hesitated to apply that touch because intuitively it came to her that he might think aid had seized him and in that moment release his hold. That would mean death miles below.

Panting madly, Virginia gripped one hand into Lester's shoulder, then the other.

"Oh, that my hands were steel instead of flesh," she breathed. Then aloud she shouted. "Brace hard professor, and pull like a fiend."

Simultaneously, she felt Babcock's grip on the steel bar relax. His head would have fallen had not her strength sustained him.

As she felt herself being drawn backward into the cabin, she managed with a mighty effort to lift the aviator's head and then his shoulders onto the landing stage. Frightened, she noted that her fiance no longer aided himself.

"Lester, Lester," she called, "try to help yourself!"

But Lester had sunk into unconsciousness. Her task was doubly critical now. Moreover she felt her strength sagging.

"Pull, pull," she cried back to the straining astronomer, "or I'll have to let go. And if I do, you let me go also. I'll not live without him!"

Professor Jekyll, tugging with all his meager strength, quickly reached the limit of his exertions. His face grew grayer, his tongue fairly hung from his mouth with his extreme effort.

"Help, help!" he managed to call.

Bill Tabor, hands nervously fingering first the levers of the motor and then the gun Jeroc had thrust into his fingers, heard the cry and peering out from his berth in the power room beheld the hair-raising spectacle at the open door.

For five minutes now he had, with flourishing gun and vicious eye, been holding back the rest of the crew from any interference with the piratical purpose of Jeroc and himself. On penalty of death he had warned them to keep away from both the machinery and the operating room.

They had obeyed without protest, for to do otherwise, they quickly recognized, would mean death—if not out of the mouth of a revolver, then through being dashed to earth. The fate of the whole ship lay with Jeroc at the steering wheel and they knew of old what a dare-devil he was. He was just the kind to catapult them into a five-mile crash to terra firma. They knew better than to attempt to thwart him.

But a new chord sounded in Bill Tabor's heart when he beheld the gallant life-saving struggle at the opened door. He instantly recognized that without aid Babcock and probably Miss Larned would slide away helpless into the gray night that now almost hid earth from them. He shuddered to think what their fate would be.

"Damned if I'll see a brave woman die that way," he roared and slipping his weapon into his jacket he leaped toward the now helpless group at the door.

Kneeling, he reached far out with his brawny arm and clutched Babcock by an arm.

"Now pull altogether," he called. Virginia and the professor added their now puny efforts. The combined strength slowly drew Lester fully upon the landing stage. From there Tabor hauled him limp and insensible within the cabin.

Virginia sank down and raised her lover's head to her knee.

"Speak, speak, dear heart!" she cried frantically. "Speak to me again!"

While Tabor slammed the door shut, Professor Jekyll began chafing the aviator's cold hands. In a moment a thin cloud of pink stole slowly up Lester's cheeks. Then his eyes opened uncertainly.

Virginia pressed her face close to his and breathed tender words into his ear. But it was some moments before he could comprehend his surroundings.

"But where are we going?" he asked faintly, as he brushed his hand across his brow.

"Your old mechanician Jeroc has seized the ship and is sailing it. He is armed fully," answered Virginia.

"The devil," Babcock's teeth gritted. "I might have known he intended some such trick as this. But come, let me up. I must take the ship away from him."

Lester staggered to his feet only to sink back. Virginia caught him else he would have fallen prone on his face. His dramatic experience in the air had temporarily sapped his strength.

When he recovered a second time he clasped the girl's hand and smiled tenderly.

"I thought I had lost you forever," he said with a shudder. "It was awful. Almost as soon as I grabbed hold, and the Virginia started upward, my breath began to leave me. The speed was so terrific that I could only draw in little gasps. And my legs and body, swinging behind me, seemed to weigh tons. A thousand times I thought to let go, and a thousand times I thought of you and hung on.

"Then it began to get chillier. My hands commenced to feel numb. Once or twice I managed to emit a strangling cry for help. My eyes were forced shut by the speed at which we are traveling. My limbs grew heavier. My face burned as if close to a blast furnace. Dimly I knew if I let go I would have miles to fall. I didn't seem to care—until I thought of you. Then I tried to hold on tighter.

"My gasps got shorter. My mind became a blur. My brain seemed to be turning at terrific speed. The final drop seemed only an instant away when I heard your voice cry 'Steady.' It was like an angel's. I did the best I could until consciousness went completely out. You blessed girl," he ended, carrying her hand fervently to his lips.

Here Professor Jakyll broke in:

"But what's to become of us with that madman in control?"

"Let him go on," answered Lester calmly. "He'll play it safe to protect his own neck. But he can't last forever. When he tires, we'll seize him. There will be no need to turn back. We can carry him as a prisoner. That will make a fine tale when we get back to earth, eh? The Virginia captured by pirates of the air. The very newest thing in aeronautics." And the aviator actually smiled whereat the drooping spirits of both Virginia and the professor were revived.

But soon the air began to grow chill. Simultaneously the motors began to balk. The speed of the airship was reduced to spasmodic dashes. At intervals it seemed to be making no headway.

Coincidentally they passed out of the rim of atmosphere surrounding the earth. The air in the ship became heavy and depressing. Professor Jekyll's air-making apparatus was not yet in operation.

The three recognized their predicament. They were facing suffocation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE BORDER.

All three—Lester, Virginia and the professor—readily appreciated the growing extremity of their position.

"Professor," the aviator said, "you must turn on your fresh air supply or it will soon be all up with us."

"Come, then, and help," the astronomer replied and wearily the trio made their way to the power room.

Tabor, eyes heavy and spirit lagging, made no effort to interfere. But Lester quickly saw that he was responsible for the spasmodic manner in which the ship was moving. With his hand upon the motor lever, he was alternately turning on and off the power without regard to signals. One of these times, Babcock saw, he would keep the power turned off too long, the Virginia would lose her terrific headway and take a plunge that would kill them all.

"Bill," he expostulated, unawed by the revolver which the man swung toward his breast, "you'll have us all killed if you don't stop that foolishness."

"I will, eh?" Tabor growled, elevating the point of his gun to Babcock's face. "Well, it's my affair." Imbibing some of Jeroc's brandy made him reckless.

The aviator accepted his critical opportunity. Dodging in close to the man's side, so as to get out of range of the revolver, he struck the weapon from Tabor's grip with one fist and swung the other violently against the man's chin.

Tabor reeled away in a daze. Before he could recover, Lester had seized control of the motors and Virginia had summoned from the storeroom below, where Tabor's threats had kept them, the rest of the drawn-faced crew.

"Here, you Jollings," called the aviator to his chief mechanician, "come here and take the control."

Then, before Tabor could get his bearings, Lester had him seized, bound, gagged and thrust a prisoner in one of the crew's staterooms.

Professor Jekyll, meantime, got busy with his air-making apparatus. In an hour it began operations, gauze-like ventilators in the deck of the craft being opened to dissipate the poisonous carbonic gas their lungs had expelled. That gas, being much heavier than pure air, sank toward the floors and filtered out, its place being taken by the supply of fresh air which the professor's unique contrivance created.

It took but a few moments to revivify the entire party. Then Lester turned his attention to Jeroc. From the power room he could glance across the diningroom and the lounging room into the operating room where the desperate sky pirate stood at the steering wheel.

With infinite nerve he was holding the airship pointed straight upward at the silvered face of the moon. They had been traveling an hour and Lester rudely estimated that they had covered more than two hundred miles of space. Below them earth lay like a great gray cloud.

Watching closely, Babcock was not long in learning where Jeroc obtained his evident supply of daring and assurance. It came out of a long black bottle that the mechanician drew frequently and more frequently from the folds of his coat and applied thirstily to his mouth.

"Brandy," guessed Lester—and rightly. "It'll not be long before that puts him hors de combat. Then we'll take charge."

He did not have long to wait. Jeroc laid aside his revolver to take an extra swig. In lifting the bottle to his lips his legs which had grown unsteady, lurched away and he lost his grip on the steering wheel. It spun back and forth, imparting a wabbling motion to the Virginia that made the airship pitch like a liner in a terrific sea.

Once it seemed that the uncontrolled craft would turn turtle with them but the automatic balancing apparatus served them well until Lester, darting into the operating room, grasped the wheel and speedily had the Virginia again upon an even keel.

Jeroc, blear-eyed and reeling, tried to regain the post he had usurped, but Babcock, seizing the revolver the mechanician had laid aside, cowed him off.

"Ze ghost of Babcock," he muttered as he gazed in affright at the aviator. "I leave ze real Babcock behind—down on ze earth.

"But Jeroc ees not afraid of ze ghost," he spluttered, raising the bottle by the neck. "Out of ze way for me."

But the aviator was vigilant. As the Frenchman came in close, he brought the butt of the revolver fairly down upon the pirate's head. Jeroc fell as though shot, the drained bottle rolling away from his limp fingers.

Reinforcements quickly hurried up with Virginia in the van. The fallen man was tied and gagged as his assistant had been and carted into another stateroom.

Now fully in control of its maker, the airship sped upward at her highest speed. The crew was divided into three watches of eight hours each. The cook

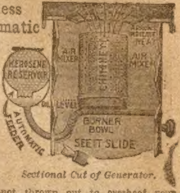
OIL TURNED INTO GAS
and Burned Before Your Eyes.

OPEN AIR CYLINDER
OIL-GAS STOVE

Cooking or Heating

This Valveless Wickless Automatic Oil-Gas Stove automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air.

An Analytic Chemist says. One gallon of kerosene oil furnishes 395 barrels of fuel gas.



Sectional Cut of Generator.

CHEAP FUEL—SUMMER COMFORT. Intense heat but concentrated under cooking vessels and absorbed by articles being cooked—not thrown out to overheat your kitchen.

To operate—turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match; it generates gas, which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed. That's all. No more attention. Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn the knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner—oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as we can make it. Ideal for summer use. Not dangerous like gasoline. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks—nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control—kitchen always cool. D. CARN, IND., writes: "It costs me only 4 1-2 cents a day for fuel." L. NORRIS, VT., writes: "The Oil-Gas Stoves are wonderful savers of fuel, at least 50 to 75 per cent over wood and coal." E. ARNOLD, NEB., writes: "Saved $4.25 a month for fuel by using the Oil-Gas Stove. My range costs me $5.50 per month, the Oil-Gas Stove $1.25 per month." THOS. VINCENT, WIS., writes: "My wife never had anything she enjoyed so much as her stove. It is very quick, no heated room or dirt. Surpasses anything we ever saw." COOKING AND HEATING OR COOKING EXCLUSIVELY. Ideal for roasting, cooking, baking, ironing, canning fruit, picnics, cottages, camping, in Winter use Radiator for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot and dirt. No hot fiery kitchens. Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable—last for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills.

ALL SIZES, PRICES LOW—$3.25 AND UP. Give this stove a trial. Send no money—only send your name and address. Write today for full description, thousands of testimonials. Our 1911 Proposition, Circulars FREE.

GOOD BUSINESS FOR AGENTS

SALESMEN—MANAGERS—Men or Women at home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—appointing agents, etc. MESSRS. HEAD & FRAZER, TEXAS, write: "Enclose order for $81.00. RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. Sold 50 stoves in our town." B. L. HEUSTED, MICH., writes: "Been out one day and sold 11 stoves." Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop, look, get interested, want to buy at once. Show dozen, sell ten. Write today for special agents' new plan. Send no money. THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 431 World Building, CINCINNATI, O.

YOU $5 TO $10 A DAY

EVEN if you never sold a dollar's worth of goods in your life, make $5 to $10 a day—selling our made-to-order suits and pants.

This is Your Chance To Make Money.

We sell suits from $3 to $10 less than other houses, give better tailoring, make better fitting clothes, with absolute guarantee. You can undersell others; no work to take orders for us. You can not fail—our line is the only line where you can give satisfaction or money refunded. It is a snap to sell Regal Tailoring.

BIG MONEY—EASY WORK.

We start you Free. Send for samples now. We will back you with our capital and experience—you do not need money—we will instruct you and you can commence making money at once. Send us your name and address now and an outfit larger than all others with newest samples, large fashion plate, tape measure and everything necessary will be sent you Free.

You Can Get Your Own Clothes At Inside Price to advertise us. Write today and receive exclusive territory. If not interested show it to your friends as this is too good a thing to miss. The biggest chance to make money.

We Prepay Express Charges

REGAL TAILORING CO., 191 Market St. Dept. 671, CHICAGO
We use the Union Label on all our garments.

BRAZILIAN LUCKY BUG

Said to bring good luck to the owner. Imported from Brazil. The most beautiful wonder nature ever created. Color of emerald. Sparkles like the most costly gem. Time increases its value. Get a Brazilian Lucky Bug and complete history for 10c

GENESEE SPECIALTY CO., Retsof, New York

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents.
DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. D FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

Cancer How to treat Cancer or Tumor by a new home treatment mailed free to all sending address.
Cedar Hill Sanitarium, 269 Broadway Lebanon, Ohio.
We refer to any bank or business firm in Lebanon.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1886, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500 Dearborn Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.85 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

875,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

No, Alonzo, all fetching girls are not waitresses.

He is a wise dentist who can quiet his wife's jaw.

Many a young man earns a living by working his father.

An ounce of scare is often worth a pound of persuasion.

The bachelor who sympathizes with a fair widow is lost.

How easy it is to spend the money earned by somebody else!

Many a girl marries in haste and repents in the divorce court.

If kisses were poisonous only a few girls would live to graduate.

The man who lives twice as fast as he should is apt to see double.

Ever notice what funny names the people in a strange town have?

If you would discover a man's sore spot, keep quiet and let him talk.

A girl who isn't stylish may look swell when she has the mumps.

Most of the free advice is handed out by people who want to get rid of it.

Many a young lawyer fails to make good because he practices at the wrong bar.

There is said to be happiness among some savage tribes where money is unknown.

There is one woman a man can depend upon under all circumstances—his mother.

It must have been a spinster who said that widows wear heavy veils to conceal their joy.

In going down the stream of life the average man tries to make a noise like a motor boat.

The man who does nothing himself is at a loss when it comes to advising others what to do.

A girl never has to coax a young man not to spend so much money on her after they are married.

The hairs of a man's head may be numbered, but in after years there are a lot of the back numbers missing.

Occasionally a girl lets her parents select a husband for her so that she will have some one to blame for it.

prepared what Virginia called an inaugural lunch and spirits that had been strained and apprehensive became cheerful and smiling under her fund of pleasantry.

By midnight every man aboard excepting the two prisoners had been fully instructed as to his duties and the routine went forward as though the Virginia was but resuming a journey she had frequently taken.

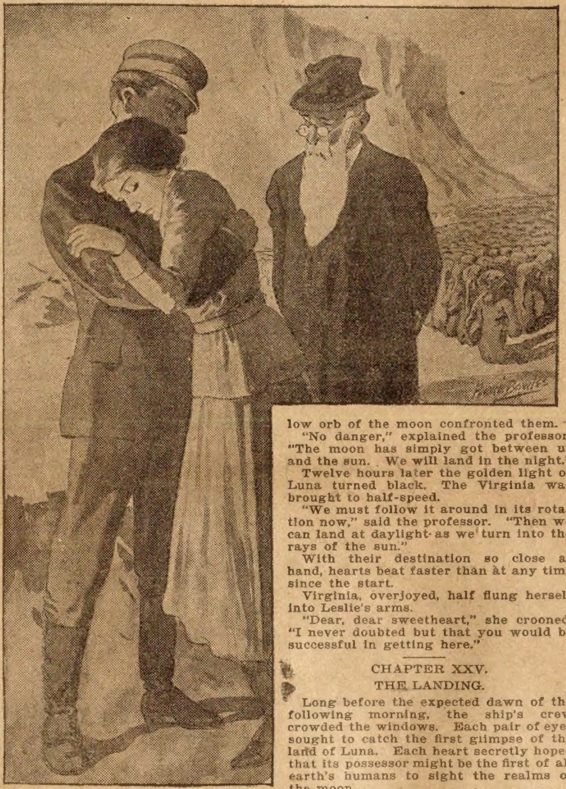
As the little clock in the operating room chimed twelve, and Babcock was relieved from charge, he found Virginia snuggling close to his shoulder.

Together they strolled to a window that commanded a view both above and below. The sky was a limpid blue, set with myriads of stars that shone with dazzling brilliancy. Still far above the crescent moon seemed in its nearness a thing apart from the hosts of more distant bodies.

Then they looked below and behind. Earth, now more than a thousand miles away, was larger than all else they saw—a gray-white ball whose rim was marked with an increasing line of golden light.

"Your home is down there, dear heart," whispered Babcock as he grasped and pressed the girl's hand.

"No," she looked up smiling through moist eyes, "my home, dear, is where you are."



Virginia uttered a faint cry and fell.

Professor Jekyll, fresh from communing with the heavens through the instruments in his little domed observatory, came up at this moment.

"In an hour or two now, old earth will have turned to golden from its present gray and will remain so to us until we get back. In another hour or two we shall no longer be cut off by it from the sight of the sun, but we will be in perpetual day until we reach the moon."

"But how shall you see the moon in daylight?" asked Virginia.

"Ah, I have solved that," the wrinkled man of science exclaimed, as he rubbed his hands in delight. "My new combination of dark glasses make the heavens as easily read by daylight as by dark. I will give the ship its course with the accuracy of a compass on earth."

As he went back to his beloved instruments, Virginia raised her glorious eyes to her lover's and murmured:

"Poor old man, he loves those old instruments of his deeply, but he doesn't know what real love is, does he?"

For answer Lester pressed his lips tenderly against those of his fiancee. Then he escorted her to the door of her stateroom.

"Good night, love," she whispered as she disappeared, "I shall dream of you every minute."

The days passed with small variation. The delicate machinery performed its work unerringly. The Virginia soared steadily and unceasingly. The crew kept their several watches, ate, slept and gazed at first with wonder and then with dying curiosity at the wonderful sights surrounding them.

The patter of meteors against the sides of the ship, that had alarmed the entire party the first night out, soon lost novelty, except when some dreamer tried to discover the tune of some favorite song in the steady bombardment.

Jeroc and Tabor, still in confinement, gave no trouble. The Frenchman relapsed into a sullen silence. His accomplice pleaded unceasingly for forgiveness and liberation. But Lester took no chances.

One week—two weeks—three weeks whirled away. The clock and the calendar were watched far more closely than was the dull ball of red they beheld as the earth through Professor Jekyll's glasses and the bright ball of silver they saw ahead as the moon.

Four, five, six weeks went by, each day the great orb that marked their destination growing larger.

On the forty-fourth day the professor announced:

"My instruments show it is getting warmer outside. We are getting very close."

The next day proved he was right. At noon, according to their watch it grew suddenly dark and the great round yellow orb of the moon confronted them.

"No danger," explained the professor. "The moon has simply got between us and the sun. We will land in the night."

Twelve hours later the golden light of Luna turned black. The Virginia was brought to half-speed.

"We must follow it around in its rotation now," said the professor. "Then we can land at daylight as we turn into the rays of the sun."

With their destination so close at hand, hearts beat faster than at any time since the start.

Virginia, overjoyed, half flung herself into Leslie's arms.

"Dear, dear sweetheart," she crooned, "I never doubted but that you would be successful in getting here."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LANDING.

Long before the expected dawn of the following morning, the ship's crew crowded the windows. Each pair of eyes sought to catch the first glimpse of the land of Luna. Each heart secretly hoped that its possessor might be the first of all earth's humans to sight the realms of the moon.

All except Virginia. She hoped that the honor of the initial sight of their haven would be Lester's. For who had so good a right as he? her devoted affection argued.

At all events, her wish was realized. Standing at a forward window together, Babcock and the girl watched the deep gray of night resolve into a purple, growing lighter and lighter under the color brush of approaching day. The airship's speed was reduced so that she barely held her equilibrium. Babcock decided to take no chances of ramming some unseen peak in an unknown land.

Slowly the purple air melted into a blue, ever lightening until golden glints began to radiate from horizon to zenith like the prongs of a mellowed lightning flash.

Then as the crew, silent in admiration at the marvelous color picture, stood curiously rapt, from out their midst came the sudden strained exclamation:

"Look, look, Virginia, straight ahead! It's land—the bald front of a mountain, but, oh, how bare and bleak!"

It was Lester who spoke. Unconsciously he caught Virginia within the fold of his arm as he stretched out the other to indicate where he had caught the first real peep at their discovery.

Professor Jekyll and every last man of the crew crowded the captain's window to behold the wonderful sight. The astronomer's hand sought the aviator's and fairly crushed it in a grip of exultation and congratulation. Virginia reached up

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

Taking a Chance.

Employer—So, then, Miss Willing, you're leaving us for good?

Miss Willing—No, sir! For better or for worse!

* * *

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (s)

* * *

"Here, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Serves the brute right. He's been buzzin' round here all the mornin'."

CYCLING—A RETURNING FASHION!

POPE BICYCLES

Columbia, Rambler, Cleveland, Tribune,

Contain many distinctive features of great merit not found in other makes.

The Pope Daily Service Bicycle

A new proposition. Send for full particulars about this magnificent wheel and our convenient method of selling it.

CAUTION! Thousands of very low grade wheels with fancy paint and deceptive names are being sold at high grade prices. If you see a name plate that you do not know, BEWARE! Everyone knows Pope Quality. Pope wheels are safe to buy and ride. $25 to $100.

THE POPE MFG. CO., 473 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.

DRUNKENNESS CURED AT HOME. Inexpensive treatment. Free trial. Secrecy guaranteed. Acme Method, 180 N. Dearborn St., R.105, Chicago, Ill.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

$2 A DAY can be secured by active ladies in forming Grocery and Soap Clubs. Write for catalog and Special Offer. Papworth Co., 552 St. Marks Av., Syracuse, N.Y.

LADIES MAKE SHIELDS. $1.44 per dozen. Material furnished responsible women. Stamped envelope for particulars. Empire Supply Co., Dept. V, Milwaukee, Wis.

BE AN ORGANIZER $50.00 to $150.00 a month; Give whole or spare time. Experience NOT NEEDED. WRITE AT ONCE. Address BOX V 293, COVINGTON, Kentucky, U. S. A.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

To Buy, Sell or Exchange any kind of Real Estate or Personal Property advertise in Boyce's Exchange. Costs $1.85 per line for insertion in both the Blade and Ledger. Adv. Dept., 500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago

AUTO SCHOOL

LEARN AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS. HOME Lessons. $25.00 weekly job guaranteed. $10.00 weekly while learning. Rochester Auto School, 1610 Rochester, N.Y.

HELP WANTED

MEN WANTED FOR GOVERNMENT POSITIONS. Average salary $1,100. Annual vacations. Short hours. Send postal immediately for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. J-31, Rochester, N. Y.

OLD COINS

$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Dept. 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—MALE

THOUSANDS of Railway Mail Clerks, Clerk-Carriers, and Rural Carriers needed. Write today for Free Trial Examination. Ozment, Dept. K, St. Louis, Mo.

OBESITY TREATMENT

REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT. INTERESTING BOOK and Proof Treatment mailed absolutely free to any over-stout person. Quick, safe, reliable, lasting reduction, wonderful improvement in health and appearance. Dr. H. C. Bradford, 20 E. 22nd St., 9 C, New York, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

134 ACRES, $4,000; STOCK AND TOOLS INCLUDED. 12 cows, 8 heifers, yearling bull, 3 calves (all Holsteins), 4 hogs, 40 hens, 2 good work horses, shepherd dog, and all farming machinery and tools included with this rich, and productive farm; cuts 40 tons hay, splendid general crops, spring watered pasture for 30 cows; 40 acres heavy growth wood, 150 barrels apples in season; 2-story 14-room house; 2 big barns, several outbuildings; 100 ton silo; buildings all in first-class condition; maple shade; short drive to railroad: everything goes for $4,000, part cash. Full details of this and other big, rich, profit-paying New York farms, page 22, "Strout's Farm Catalogue 34," biggest and best farm catalogue ever issued; gives complete, reliable information regarding railroads, schools, churches, climate, soil, crops grown, markets, etc., in all the best farming districts of the east, just out, copy free, Station 3040. E. A. Strout, Old Colony Bldg., Dearborn and Van Buren Streets, Chicago, Ill.

and softly patted the cheeks first of her lover and then of the scientist. She did not dare to try to speak, for she knew she could not control her voice. But her eyes, moist in pride and gratitude, indicated how deeply she was moved.

The crew was more boisterous in its pleasure. They broke into a hearty cheer that ended in a double "tiger" for their leader. Babcock smiled at the demonstration, but he did not remove his keen eyes from the land ahead.

In the golden glow of early morning, he was the first to behold the marvelous panorama which slowly unfolded. Mountains, high, broad and of bare, bleak, unfertile yellow rock, reared themselves in apparently endless profusion. There was no sign of vegetation, no indication of water, no trace of human life. Just one rearing tier of forbidding mountain tops—to the right, to the left, to front and to rear.

The joy of the first moment of discovery gave way to one of disappointment. These death-like piles of rock, bereft of all signs of fertility, threw an insidious pall of gloom over the airship party. The crew even exchanged vague, apprehensive glances.

"Let's try the air," suggested Professor Jekyll. "Our scientists of earth, you know, could never find any trace of atmosphere up here."

The Virginia's air-making apparatus was shut down and the windows of the airship thrown wide open. The change was perceptible almost immediately. Breathing became difficult and had a curiously dizzy effect.

Lester clutched a support as he exclaimed:

"I feel tipsy, as if I had had too much wine."

I don't know the feeling of too much wine," Virginia responded weakly, "but I'm sure if you were to let go of me I should stagger."

"I'm not surprised that we see no signs of life," said the professor. "It would be a very low order that could live in such an atmosphere as this."

Accordingly the windows were sealed again and the life-supplying air of the ship's mechanism turned on anew.

Still soaring just above the tops of these desolate peaks, they came at length to a sharp change in the scene. Giant rocks, large as castles, lay spread about as though freshly tossed by some mighty cataclysm.

It was as if some colossus of nature had laid hold upon the bleak, turbid mountains, riven them asunder and scattered the gigantic pieces promiscuously about.

This cyclopean field extended for miles—as far as the awed eyes of the airship party could pierce. It ended at last in precipitous sides that looked down into a mighty chasm, so deep and wild that Virginia involuntarily clutched the hand of her lover in apprehension.

As they flew fairly over the middle of this enormous basin, the rays of the rising sun illuminated its depths. Instantly those dark rocks below them began to scintillate like so many monster gems.

Professor Jekyll, noting the wonderful transformation, was the first to speak. There was an ecstatic ring in his voice, like that of a child over some new and amazing toy.

"Look, look," he exclaimed, pointing downward to the dazzling masses beneath them, "there they are."

"What?" asked Lester and Virginia in the same breath.

"The diamonds, the diamonds," he panted in a whisper. "Millions, billions of dollars' worth of them."

"You're sure?" asked the aviator breathlessly, with flashing eyes.

"Positive," the trembling man of science responded rapturously. "No other formation could cast up such scintillations as these. We need not even dig for them."

The venerable astronomer, atremble at the sight and at the dawning realization of the fulfillment of the dreams of his lifetime, gripped Babcock's arm in the effort to control his agitation.

"Shall we land here and look them over?" asked Lester.

"No, no, not yet," he answered. "They will be safe here. No one will carry them away except us. Let's go on and see what the lowlands look like."

So they sailed on and on. In time the mountains became less bleak. They grew smaller and smaller until at length they were only foothills and the ghastly yellow rock turned into a brown.

The foothills passed, they came to broad sweeps of land, dotted here and there with strangely moving stretches of a sickly green.

"Vegetation at last," exclaimed the professor. "Now if we can only find human beings."

The airship was directed lower so that in a few gyrations they came to within a half mile of the surface.

Again the windows were thrown open and the air-making apparatus shut down. Now the party found they could breathe with less difficulty than when they were above the high peaks, but it was still a somewhat distressing operation.

"We might be able to live in this atmosphere," said the astronomer thoughtfully as he hung his head out of a window, "but we would shrivel slowly under it. That probably is what happened to the original inhabitants here."

Virginia and Lester looked inquiringly at the professor.

"Yes, you see," he went on, as though talking to a college class in astronomy, "the moon, like the earth, was cast off from the sun as a fiery mass but being smaller than our earth and possibly older it has cooled and solidified more rapidly than the earth. It had its periods of life and vegetation, of civilization and progress just as we are having our on earth. But it yielded up its vitality, it died slowly—a death that probably has taken millions of years—and it is now possibly in its last expiring gasps. Those brown and green spots down there would indicate that life is almost spent."

The astronomer paused in contemplation while Virginia heaved a sigh.

"Yes, well you may sigh, my child," the scientist exclaimed solemnly. "We are gazing on the dying agonies of a world." Then after a thoughtful pause: "But our own dear earth will come to the same fate—some millions of years hence," he concluded with a smile.

"Shall we land?" inquired Lester soberly.

"If you like," answered Professor Jekyll.

The aviator took the steering wheel to bring the airship down. With a few dexterous twists and turns he curved the great aircraft about and then let it settle with the ease of a bird on a barren stretch of ground.

As he did so, he clamped down the steering wheel, caught Virginia in his arms, and with a rush threw open the door of the cabin and leaped lightly out upon the MOON.

"To you all the glory," he breathed in her ear, kissing her rapidly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PLANT HUMANS.

Professor Jekyll, fairly quivering with joy, followed the exit of Lester and Virginia. Then the members of the crew gingerly stepped down upon the surface of the moon.

They all encountered some initial difficulty in breathing. The air seemed sodden and heavy.

"We couldn't live long in this atmosphere, could we, professor?" quizzed the aviator when mutual congratulations on their safe arrival had been exchanged.

"No, not very long. Yet there is some life here. Look at those waving fields of green yonder," said the astronomer, pointing across a barren waste to a spot half a mile away where a stretch of land seemed rich with vegetation.

"Strange though," responded Lester, studying the scene, "there isn't a breath of wind here. Yet yonder that green stuff is waving wildly as if almost a tempest was raging."

"That is odd," rejoined the professor. "Let's inspect it a little closer."

"So, leaving a guard over the ship with instructions that the prisoners Jeroc and Tabor should be watched carefully, the party set out. The ground at their feet was brittle and harsh. It crunched beneath their steps like so many cinders. It was impossible to conceive of anything taking root and growing in such dead, unproductive soil.

As they approached the spot where they had seen what they took for green fields, they discovered in amazement that they had moved farther away. In fact looking carefully they could see in undulating motion a vast array of green, looking for all the world like fields of green corn waving in a gentle breeze.

"Strange, strange, isn't it?" mused the professor.

The whole party stood and glanced at one another in awed surprise.

"Ah, I have it," finally exclaimed the astronomer, his voice tense and his eyes snapping. "These things yonder are the inhabitants of the moon."

Virginia and Lester could not repress a faint smile of incredulity.

"Well, let's round some of them up," suggested the aviator, "and see how near right the professor it."

So dividing the party into two groups, leaving Professor Jekyll and Virginia at what was to be a rallying spot, Babcock proceeded to arrange for a closer inspection of these puzzling figures in green.

One party broke away to the left, the other to the right. Instructions were to flank the green array and to attempt to drive it back toward the astronomer and the girl.

The pursuers found their task no easy one. The hot, dry, heavy air checked any attempt at running. Even fast walking was exhausting. But the party led by Babcock finally managed to catch up with the strange spectacle they had been chasing.

Near enough to inspect it closely, the aviator paused in astonishment. He rubbed his eyes to make sure that the sight was no apparition, no freak of the moon.

Satisfied that he was looking at palpable bodies, he drew still closer. Then, a dozen yards from the nearest figure of green, he beheld a most marvelous sight.

Instead of a green plant he saw the nearest form to bear some resemblance to that of an emaciated human. He noted the slim body with the rapid movement of the lean ribs. But where the arms should have been were long and broad sprouts like the leaves of a giant cactus plant. Legs, too, were replaced by a long, root-like appendage stretching over the ground with broad tentacles that served for propulsion.

But strangest of all was the head. In place of hair there was a thick, bark-like skin. The ears spread into a hood-like covering. The nose had grown into a long tendril the end of which was as sharp-pointed as a needle.

Two mere slits in the pale green of the face disclosed the weak, blinking eyes. There was no mouth at all. The nose had spread over the space the lips had once occupied.

Locomotion was increased by this strange creation when it dropped its long arms to the ground and used them as legs.

Lester, quite dumfounded by the extraordinary spectacle, waved back his followers. Then he shouted across to the second party to retire.

At the sound of his voice the green figures blinked their thin eyes in fright, huddled like so many scared sheep and then fell prostrate, burying their grewsome faces in the barren ground.

"Boys," exclaimed the aviator, "this beats me. We'll have to refer these things to the professor."

He thought to take one of them back by force. But when he advanced closely upon them, one of the tallest of the green figures—which, by the way, reached only to the aviator's thigh—rose up and swung its long tendril-like nose toward him.

At the same instant a red fluid exuded from the tip of the nose and the thin slits of eyes behind it appeared to dart wicked anger.

"Look out, captain," called out one of the aviator's crew, "that red stuff the thing is leaking is likely to be poison."

Babcock promptly acted on the warning. He withdrew a pace or two. Then he turned anew to the host of green creatures that were rising again, like a field of grain after a blast of rain.

"You creatures of the moon," he shouted that all in that strange assemblage might hear, "can you hear me? Do you understand me?"

At the sound of his voice the vast aggregation of green figures again prostrated themselves.

Babcock looked at his companions in a puzzled way.

"That means one of two things," he said. "Either they are frightened by my voice or they are bowing down like the slaves they think they should be in the presence of us big brutes."

Professor Jekyll and Virginia, coming laboriously forward at this juncture, stood also astounded at the spectacle. The girl clutched her lover's arm and whispered breathlessly:

"What are they?"

A solemnity as of the grave fell upon the entire party. Each mind was struggling with this weird display of moon life. The professor seemed no less startled than the rest.

The aviator looking down reassuringly into the strained face of his fiancee, gently patted her hand and replied:

"They're alive all right. But we'll have to leave it to Professor Jekyll, I guess, to tell what these strange things are."

The astronomer shook himself as if coming out of a dream.

"I had imagined we would meet some odd creatures," he said mystified, "but never any such forms as these. They are nothing more or less than plantmen. They are just what one would expect to find on this dying, this almost dead sphere."

"But how came they by this shape?" inquired Virginia.

"Once," began the professor in his didactic way, "they were probably humans of the same shape as we are. But over the thousands, yea, the millions of years that the moon has been slowly drying up, they have been slowly, century by century, generation by generation, just as surely shriveling into this fantastic shape. It is the result of changing conditions—imperceptible to any one generation but none the less potent. It all comes about through the loss of oxygen in the air. The stripping of forests, the drying up of streams impede the purification of the atmosphere and render it heavy with the carbonic gases.

"It is tragically easy to mark the steps in this degeneration of these moon folk. As they found the oxygen being depleted they probably would have slowly decreased in height; seeking to breathe the air still remaining close to the earth's surface, they have assumed this stooping, crawling attitude. The pores of the skin, called on more and more to help in the breathing process, have enlarged into octopus-like suckers, until they have finally come to this woeful shape."

As the professor concluded, Virginia uttered a faint cry, clutched her throat and fell insensible into the arms of Babcock.

This extraordinary story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things happen. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Gave Him Away.

Willie—Say, maw, pop must tell you a lot of riddles.

His Mother—Why do you ask?

Willie—Well, I heard him tell Mr. Jones last night that he had you guessing.

DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 8400 Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

Rémoh Gems

Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. *Looks* like a *diamond*—*wears* like a *diamond*—brilliancy guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid gold mountings. 1-30th., the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—*will cut glass*. Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—its free for the asking. Address—

Remoh Jewelry Co.
421 N. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

Save ½ On a Typewriter

We'll Send It On Trial

We buy the best standard typewriters direct from the makers—thousands at a time. We let each machine sell itself by sending on five days' trial. No deposit required. If you want it, pay us $5 monthly—the maker's terms; but pay just half the maker's price when he sells through agents. You save $50 by selling yourself.

Standard warrant with each machine. Perfect condition guaranteed. Our book, "Typewriter Secrets," tells how we can do it. Write for it now.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
745 Masonic Temple, Chicago (15)

You can have an education free that will fit you for a position that should pay you $100 to $200 Per Month and you can earn money while you are studying. We guarantee students employment and pay you liberally while fitting you for a position that pays a high salary. If you are making less than $150 per month write at once and state if you prefer Wireless or Morse Telegraphy, Electrician, Stenography, Salesmanship or the Automobile Business.

EARN MORE MONEY

AMERICAN TECHNICAL COLLEGE. 200 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

FREE WATCH RING & CHAIN

We positively give to BOYS and GIRLS a BEAUTIFUL American - Made stem - wind, stem-set watch with handsomely designed case, proper size. GUARANTEED 5 YRS. Also dainty ring, set with three sparkling stones, for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Order jewelry today. When sold send $2 and we will send watch, ring and chain. We Guarantee Satisfaction. Dale Watch Co., Dept. 26 Chicago

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME.

$1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. Ontario Veterinary Correspondence School, London, Can.

Saved Again.

"I was behind you coming up the street just now," declared Mrs. Jellus, "and you rubbered at every pretty woman you passed."

"At every stylish woman," said Mr. Jellus. "I was just taking note of the spring gowns, with a view to buying you a handsome one."

In the Wild, Wild West.

Stranger (at Frozen Dog tavern)—Queer thing, Wild Eyed Pete shooting himself. Suicide, wasn't it?

Barkeeper—Suicide, nuthin'. Wild Eyed Pete caught hisself cheatin' in a game of patience, that's all.

ACENTS WANTED

AGENTS $30 A WEEK

Selling our guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. A fast seller and good repeater. Four pair guaranteed to last four months without holes in heels or toes. Worn goods replaced free. Comer sold 36 boxes in two days—profit $12.60. Biggest snap ever offered to Agents. You can't help but make big money—no experience needed. We teach you everything. Write to-day for terms of free outfit. A postal will do.

THE THOMAS MFG. CO.
1917 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O.Box A

We Will Pay Men $85 Per Month to Travel, collect names, advertise and give away samples. Permanent. Write today. Paul N. Lindner, Chicago

AGENTS—Big money selling gold and silver letters, novelty and changeable signs and burglar alarms. Illustrated catalogue. CLIMAX NOVELTY CO., 303 Gay Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

BOTTLE CLOTHES SPRINKLER Agents make $3 to $5 a day. Write for free sample offer and large catalogue of 500 articles. Richardson Mfg.Co.,Dept.7,Bath,N.Y

AGENTS WANTED—No money required. Earn $25-$50 weekly selling Embroidered and Braided Waists, Princess Patterns, Scarfs, Drawnwork, etc. Write for Catalogue L. L. Mandel, 721 Broadway, New York.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx.614, Danville, Va.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Viewalck. Thirty Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4155, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN, 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo

Fish Bite like hungry wolves and fill your basket if you use Magic-Fish-Lure. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted. J. F. Gregory, Dept. 65, St. Louis, Mo

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS
PROF LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB
Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff, stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 914 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

BEACON LAMP BURNER FREE
Incandescent—100 Candle Power. Burns common coal oil. Better light than gas or electricity. Fits your old lamp COSTS ONLY ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS Write for our special introductory offer to one person in each locality and get a Beacon Burner FREE. Agents Wanted. HOME SUPPLY CO. 388 K. C. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

AGENTS MAKE $75 TO $250 a month
Agents wanted in every county to sell Novelty Knives, with name, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Guaranteed razor steel blades. Big profits — quick sales — exclusive territory. You should be independent. Let us show you how. Write quick for terms.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!
POST OFFICE
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Puff Personal.

"You are evidently very fond of books, sir," said an old gentleman to a young man in a tram car. "May I ask you whom you consider the best novelist of the day?"

"Jenkins, undoubtedly," said the young man. "There's nobody can write like Jenkins. Why, sir, the circulating libraries can't supply his novels fast enough!"

At this moment another young man entered the tram car and addressed the young man.

"Hallo, Jenkins!" he said. "How are you today?"

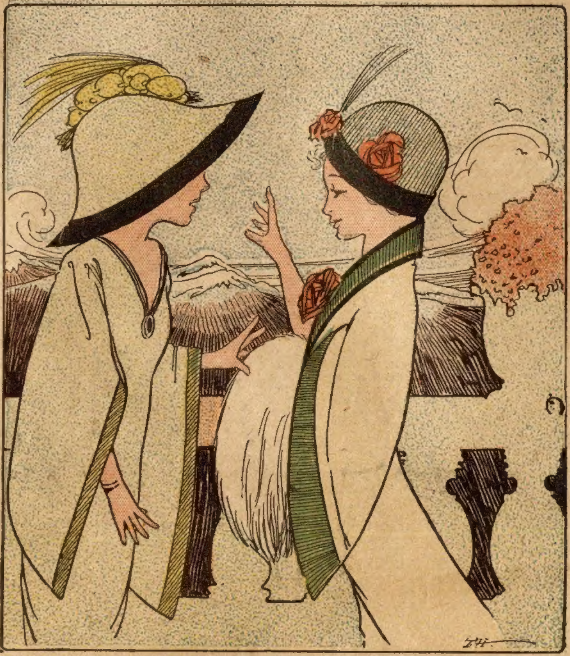
Mrs. Newedd's System.

"John," said Newedd's mother, "I picked up Florence's account book this morning and I must say I am disturbed over it. There are numerous entries of cash to G. K. W. Now who is this G. K. W. your wife is giving sums of money to?"

"Oh, that's all right, mother. You see Florence has a poor memory about expenditures, so whenever she comes out short she balances her accounts with G. K. W."

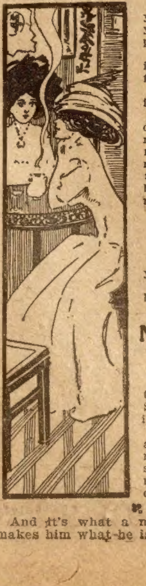
"And what in the world is G. K. W?"

"Goodness Knows What!"



"Have you seen my husband? I've been looking for him for two hours!"
"That's nothing! I've been looking for one for ten years."

No Doubt.



Mrs. Hoyle—Do you go through your husband's pockets?

Mrs. Doyle—Sure; it's the best thing for him.

Mrs. Hoyle—How is that?

Mrs. Hoyle—The doctor says that he must avoid excitement and I think my method is better than exciting him by asking him for money.

Better So.

"So she refused you?"

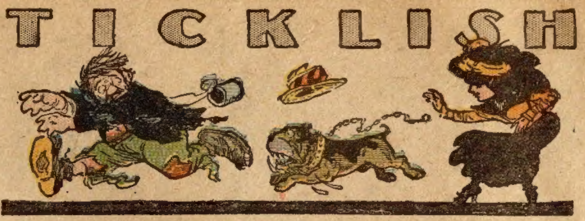
"Yes. It certainly puzzles me."

No Wonder She Raved

"What's the matter with your wife? She seems very irascible lately."

"Why, she was assisting at a rummage sale, and somebody sold her new hat for 35 cents."

And it's what a man has been that makes him what he is.



Over the Border.

"How does the war go? Which side has the advantage now?"

"Things are still rather evenly balanced. The regulars and the revolutionists have each gained a recruit."

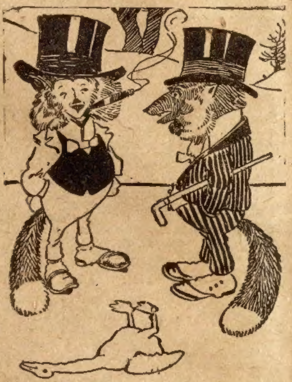
At the Masquerade Ball.

"You have no idea how perfectly lovely you looked in your disguise!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed! I was so surprised when you unmasked!"

Willing to Exhibit.



First Fox—If circumstances permitted I should like to make an exhibit at a poultry show.

Second Fox—Indeed! What would you exhibit?

First Fox—My appetite.

In New York.

"I saw a lively fight on Broadway this morning. A dozen shots were fired, two men fell severely wounded and six ruffians chased another man clear down to the Battery."

"Where were the police?"

"Why, they looked on and laughed."

"Good gracious!"

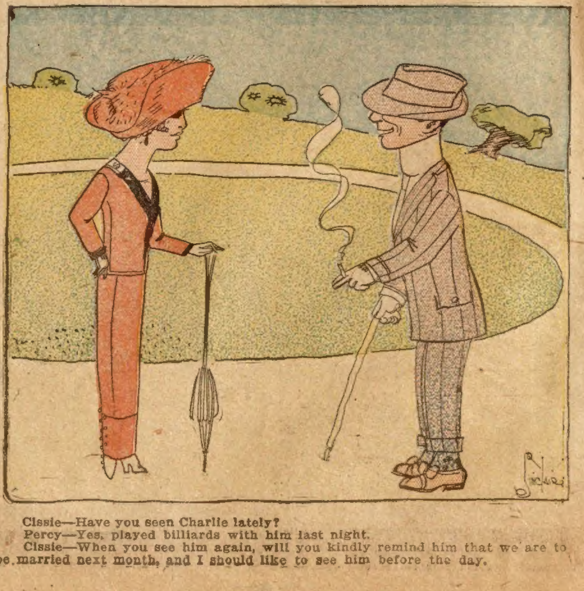
"Yes, they thought it was a moving picture rehearsal."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

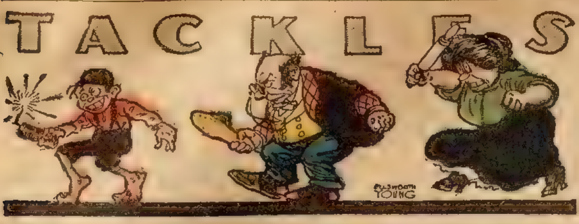
Prudence.

"I suppose you are going to say exactly what you think in the next Congress?"

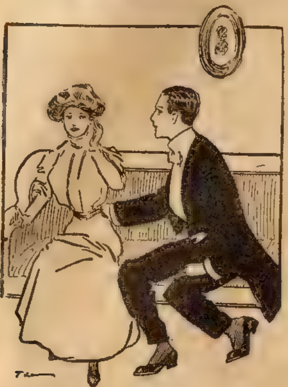
"Yes," replied the cautious statesman; "but I'm going to go slow about making up my mind as to exactly what I think."



Cissie—Have you seen Charlie lately?
Percy—Yes, played billiards with him last night.
Cissie—When you see him again, will you kindly remind him that we are to be married next month, and I should like to see him before the day.



Proof Positive.



She—Darling, are you sure you love me?

He (after kissing her)—Do I? I wish you were a two-headed girl. That's all I can say.

Unsafe.

Warden—So you moved No. 128. What's the matter? He seemed to be very quiet and docile."

Assistant—I was afraid he'd tear the jail down. You see, I learned that he was graduated in the same college class as No. 129 and that they were planning a reunion for tonight.

He Explains.

"Why don't the newspapers print more fashion hints and cooking recipes and jokes and love stories."

"Well, dear," answered her husband, they have to print some news or they might lose their charters."

Sure Way.

First Detective—How did you manage to nab that crook disguised as a woman?

Second Detective—He never looked in the store windows to see if his skirt hung right.

How Rumors Start.

"What's this about sewing your unfortunate wives up in sacks?"

"Nothing to it," replied the Sultan, emphatically. "I did get 'em some hobble skirts."

Stage Aspirant.

"The teacher informs me that Mary Anderson Wombat has considerable dramatic talent."

"That's what. Why that girl can't recite the multiplication table without making most elegant gestures."

Athletic Sports.

"You must take exercise," said the physician. "The motor car in a case like yours, gives the best exercise that—"

"But, doctor, I can't afford to keep a motor car," the patient growled.

"Don't buy; just dodge them," said the other.

Too Expensive.

"This cigar tastes like it was made of cabbage," growls the customer.

"Huh!" replies the clerk. "If you knew the wholesale price of cabbage this year you wouldn't insinuate that it could be put in a 5 cent cigar."

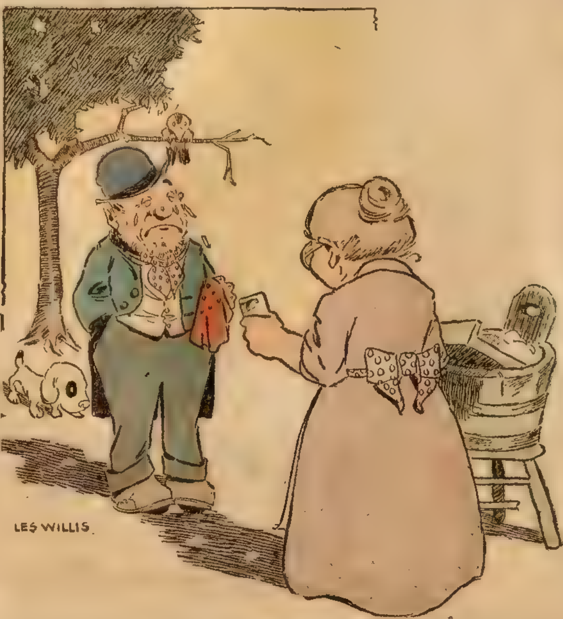
Solely to Blame.

Diner—Who is that singing so dreadfully out of tune?

Restaurant Proprietor—It is my wife.

Diner—Perhaps the accompanist plays out of tune?

R. P.—She is accompanying herself!



Sandy Pikes—Lady, can't yer help a poor man dat feels so bad de scalding tears are coursing down his cheeks?

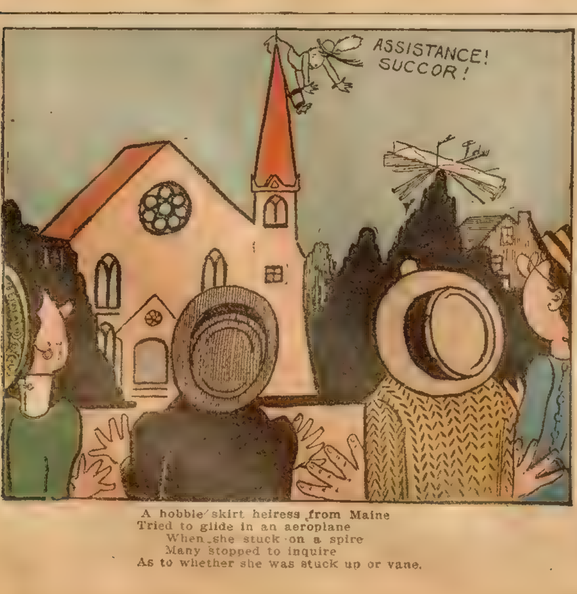
Kind Lady—Why, certainly. Here is a bar of soap. With scalding water pouring down your cheeks it should be very easy to wash it.

Modern Way.

"Yes: I had ten children. They all grew up and married off."

"I suppose it is lonesome now at home?"

"Oh, no. Every once in a while one of them gets a divorce and wanders back."


ASSISTANCE! SUCCOR!

A hobble skirt heiress from Maine
Tried to glide in an aeroplane
When she stuck on a spire
Many stopped to inquire
As to whether she was stuck up or vane.

Safer and Surer.

"I want you for my very own," said the rich old gentleman when he had succeeded in getting the beautiful girl to listen to him.

"But how can I be your very own?"

"Why—why, you can marry me, can't you?"

"I suppose I could; but don't you think, if you really want me, it would be safer to adopt me?"

Simple Remedy.

Doctor (to wife of patient)—And—er—I hope you took his temperature this morning?

Wife—Well, it were like this, sir. I put the barometer on 'is chest, and it went round to very dry, sir, so I gave 'im a pint of beer, an 'e went to work this morning.

Quick Work.

"Women, as a rule, think more quickly than men."

"Unquestionably. The average man goes into retirement to change his mind, while the average woman can change her mind while getting off a trolley car backward."

Mixed but Emphatic.

"Since you got married you are late every morning," complained the boss.

"Well," explained the breathless clerk, "I have to button up the ashes and shake down a shirt waist and carry out the furnace every morning."

Once Only.

"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?"

Replied He—"I did once"—pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do it again."

Why not keep in style? Make your light mustache a rich brown or black. Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes like the force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cts. to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 327 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Sent on Approval. Send no Money. $2.00
WE WILL TRUST YOU 10 DAYS. HAIR SWITCH
Choice of natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair and we will mail a 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain remit $2 in ten days or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing, also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, etc.
Anna Ayers, Dept. 766
22 Quincy St.,
Chicago

GO INTO THE MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS
ON OUR
Easy Payment Plan
DEARBORN MACHINE
MAKE $30 TO $50 PER NIGHT WITH
Our Moving Picture Outfit
WE SELL EVERYTHING, [illegible]
Write for our Catalog
Dearborn Novelty Co.
538 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

CAUGHT NIBBLING
MARVEL BAIT makes fish bite any season and when they bite our Marvel Automatic Fish Hook lands them every time. We give free a can of Marvel bait if you will help us introduce them in your locality, also 3 Marvel Automatic fish hooks, one of each size—small, medium and large. Write us today, Dept. 74, JAPANESE NOVELTY COMPANY, CLINTON, Iowa.

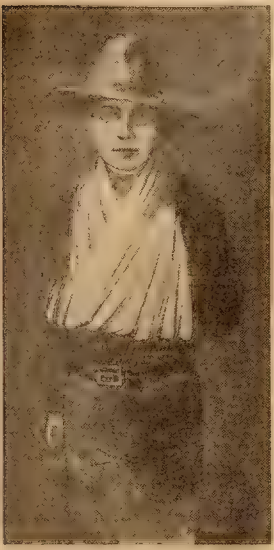
Read Our Great Post Card Offer
Send us your name and address at once and we will send you, only to introduce, one sample set containing 25 splendid, beautifully colored High Grade Art Post Cards, not the cheap sort, but the 2 for 5c quality, gold, flower, verse, embossed, etc. Only one set to a person. Enclose 10c to help pay postage etc. Kenwood Premium Co. Dept. A Chicago

WATCH, RING AND CHAIN FREE
Our American made, stem wind watch, beautifully designed case, factory-tested, guaranteed for 5 years, and this latest style double heart signet ring are given to boys and girls for selling 20 packets of high grade art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 20 packets to-day. When sold send us $2.00 and we will positively send you at once the watch, ring and chain.
Palace Mfg. Co., Dept. 1 Chicago

THE BLACK HORSE QUEEN;

Or, THE MOUNTAIN EXILES

By WILLIAM H. MANNING



With his arm in a sling.

[Copyright 1911 by W D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 14, April 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

STORY THE WOMAN TOLD.

JUST outside the mining camp was a grove of cottonwoods. In this grove John Reddington and Janet Bague sat on a fallen tree. The Bishop, now long free from his besetting sin, had improved greatly in appearance. He was brighter of eye, clearer of complexion, firmer of motion, and more manly of look and deportment. Silence had fallen between them when he opened a new subject.

"Janet," he said, "have you heard that a party of settlers will locate near Ackerside range in a fortnight or two?"

"Yes; father told me so," replied the colonel's daughter.

"When I am sure they have arrived there, I am going to see them."

"It will be pleasant for you."

"More than that. Low as I have fallen I am still a minister of my church. These newcomers may not have a pastor; I am going to see if I can begin life anew, as their spiritual head."

Janet caught her breath a little.

"And leave Shagfoot?" she answered, her voice low.

"Necessarily, if I settle with them. If I settle with them! Janet, if I do that it will be your good work. It is now long since I have tasted drink, and I am a man again. It is due to you. If I succeed in keeping my besetting sin permanently at bay, I shall owe all to you Leave Shagfoot? Yes, but not all in Shagfoot. Janet, if I go I want to take another person with me. Can you guess who?"

The girl's color had risen perceptibly. She smiled faintly and unevenly replied

"You were very good friends with Leland Dale. Is it he you would take?

"Well, as to that I would be glad to see him often, every day. The doctor is a noble fellow; no man is nobler. Yes, I would like to see him there, but he is a wanderer, and there is no knowing when we shall meet again. He told us he was going on a hunting trip. Days have passed, and game must either be abundant or he has gone far."

"Has it ever occurred to you that he possibly went to gain entrance to the secret home on Mount Taber?"

"I have thought of that. Yes, it may be so, but who can find the way to the refuge of the Hillmen?"

"Possibly he trailed them in, and then," she laughed, "it may be that he is held captive by the charms of that mysterious Queen Sylvia."

"Queen Sylvia!" repeated the Bishop, smiling. "A strange life, she must lead. I fancy she is a girl of good intentions—in fact, I think well of all the Hillmen, but I don't aspire to keep them company in their remote home. I should say that Dale would be even more reluctant, for he craves variety of life—"

Reddington stopped suddenly.

"A horseman is coming from the mountain," he added, his tone changing.

"It is that Eldruthan Dow, from Gilbraith!" exclaimed Janet. "Ugh! talk with him as little as possible. I don't like the man!"

Reddington sat disturbed and suddenly restless, eyeing the tall, bony rider with singular askanceness. If appearances were reliable, the Bishop wanted to flee. The rider came steadily and reached their side, then reined in his horse.

"Peace be with you!" he saluted. "I am glad to see young folks enjoy themselves; it does old blood good. Your servant, Miss Bague! Mr. Reddington, is all well at Shagfoot?"

"Yes," the younger man replied.

"No new lawlessness?"

"None!"

"I wish we of Gilbraith could say as much. The Hillmen still steal from us; their depredations are becoming serious. I am on my way now to consult with Colonel Bague and others. Mr. Reddington, will you kindly point out the dwelling of—of Mordecai Sloane?"

There was good ground for the belief that Dow knew who inhabited every shanty at Shagfoot, but the Bishop went a few yards with him and pointed out the structure, though with evident unwillingness. Dow thanked him audibly, though without looking toward the shanty, and then, in a lower voice, swiftly added:

"The river is full! Enough said!"

He jogged on, while Reddington returned to Janet, pale and plainly troubled. It was long before he regained his usual spirits.

Eldruthan Dow remained half an hour with Colonel Bague, and then left the camp and rode on homeward until he reached the lower slope of Mount Taber. His way had not been toward the great pass that took travelers through the valley, but he did not hesitate, and presently he came to where two men were seated on a rock.

"Is all well?" he asked quietly.

One of the men rose and pushed aside a fringe of bushes, revealing two casks that were suspiciously like receptacles for ardent spirits.

"All well!" aded Dow, chuckling. "I have told Reddington, and I reckon the weak fool will be here tonight. You can leave the casks, as usual. Oh! we are high-minded, and we want nobody but this good Bishop to know where such reason-stealing liquid is! Seized by us from bad men, we want it well hidden. The Bishop will do it for us, and only he will know. He has been sober for a fortnight, they say. Well, he knows that the river is full. We will see, we will see! Men, you can leave whenever you wish. Peace be with you!"

Wheeling his horse, Eldruthan again rode on, smiling, and was soon at the great pass. This dark cleft he traversed and finally saw the valley before him. Less than a mile away were the houses of Gilbraith. He had reached the first farmhouse by the way when a woman came out hurriedly.

"Good Elder Dow, may I speak with you?" she demanded, as if afraid of losing him like a honey-bee on wing.

"Say on!" he replied curtly, reining in his horse.

"It's about that boy!" she stated dismally. "He is gone—"

"You told me that before!" snapped the rider.

"But he hasn't come back, and—"

"What of it?"

"But I want to talk about him—"

"Go on, go on—you gabbling fool!"

The last three words were inaudible to the woman, and she took advantage of the first words with zeal.

"That boy preplexes me! I fear he has run away to stay. Just before he went he was with a strange man three times, to my knowledge—a perfect stranger, a man with queer eyes, one being gray and the other blue. Such funny eyes, elder! Then my boy disappeared. I need him to do work, but I fear he won't come back. I really do!"

She took breath and went on rapidly:

"Now, what can we expect of that boy, seeing that he is Saul Prentice's son? I knew Saul well, and I knew his wife—a tall, stately, proud piece—Lady Sarah, some called her then! She was as bad as Saul, and Saul tried to desert us and take others with him. The others did get away, but Saul was killed, and so was his wife, though the wolves stole her body before we could bury it The boy—he was only three years old, then—was wounded at the same time. Look under the hair on his forehead and you can see the scar now. And when Saul and Lady Sarah were dead our people took that boy and brought him up strong in the faith, and he does not know to this day that he is Saul's son. Ho, ho!"

Laughing unpleasantly, she volubly added:

"The boy has been brought up to know that Saul was a renegade, and to hate the mention of his name. Ask him who was the worst man of modern times, and he will say Saul Prentice, for so he has been taught. Many a time have I heard him rant against Saul, for the lad is with us, body and soul, a regular fanatic. But I hired him for three years, and now he's gone, and I reckon it was with the man with the gray eye and the blue eye, and I've lost his labor, and—"

Eldruthan Dow suddenly leaned forward in his saddle.

"Stop, woman!" he snarled. "I have let you go on to see how far your uncurbed tongue would carry you, for you are known as an imprudent gossip. Let this end here! Know you that the boy is engaged in my own business, and in noble work. Let that be enough. Henceforth, keep your tongue still or—dread the blood atonement!"

Pulling viciously at the rein, the speaker sent his horse galloping away, while the woman looked after him, white-faced and trembling. Her tongue was surely curbed. Better to live a mute than to die a martyr.

CHAPTER XIV.

SECRETS ARE REVEALED.

Other days passed in the Haven. Irad Harney and his wife were nearing the crisis of their disease. As yet, the outcome could not be prognosticated with safety, though Doctor Dale saw no especial reason for being disheartened. Well supplied with medicines, and sedulously nursed, his outcome rested with Providence. Eldad Kendall was in less promising condition. The fever had gone hard with him from the first, and Dale was worried, but Eldad was fighting manufully for his life, and the fight of his attendants was unceasing.

No new cases had developed, but the time was approaching when others might result from contagion. Here was the great dread; the fear that an epidemic might follow

Mindful of the fact that he, as well as others, was of the earth, earthy, and, consequently, liable to fall victim, Leland had undertaken to instruct certain of his helpers in the rudiments of the disease, so that they might act as amateur doctors if he could not keep up his work.

Leedron, Sylvia, and Oliver, son of Simon Rudd, were his selected pupils. All did fairly well under his instruction, but it was young Rudd who came swiftly to the front. An inborn aptitude for the practice of medicine was at once discovered in him, and Leland found himself with a shrewd, capable assistant at his back

To the doctor this was highly important for a second reason. Ever acutely interested in the fortunes of the Hillmen, he had a new plan in mind—he intended to make an effort to pass the traps of the watchful valley people, and if successful, to bring help from the neutral world, and medical knowledge might be needed while he was away.

Luring the lapsing days Leland had been ever-attentive, and Sylvia had been his chief assistant in the sick rooms. He had firmly refused to let her overtax her physical resources, and, as a result, she remained well and strong. The struggle to save the patients had, however, thrown doctor and nurse much into each others' company, and this, and the shadow of danger, had made them seem like acquaintances of long standing.

One day, relieved from duty by other nurses, they walked outside the village. Going, they talked in friendly manner, and, at times, with lightness, for both realized the importance of keeping trouble at a distance. Finally seating themselves on a rock they looked back at the village.

"Young Peter Brown is there," Sylvia remarked, anon.

"Yes," returned Dale briefly.

"He has made himself a favorite with many here. He is pleasant and sociable. Yet, I suspect that you don't like him."

"Peter," said the doctor slowly, "is either a saint or a sinner. Nature gave him a winning way, a face as guileless as a lamb's, a voice like a running brook. That is not meant for poetry, but for unvarnished fact, for, outwardly, the boy is surely agreeable. But before I affirm that he is a saint I want to know who he is, why he is here, and what his early associations have been.

"I don't need to ask for explanation of your words. I understand what you mean, and know that my father and Giles Leedron feel the same. Yet, there is no proof against Peter"

"No proof."

"I hope we don't injure him with our suspicions—ours, because I feel as you do."

"No serious harm will be done by unspoken doubts."

Tailored-to-Measure Pants Like These $2.50

A fine pair of pants from selected and shrunken, firmly woven, dependable woolens—cut to your measure—tailored by skilled workmen—stylish, perfect fitting, good wearing—best values on earth for $2.50

Suits Tailored to Measure $12.50

Men's hand-tailored suits—cut from high-grade, thoroughly shrunken woolens—latest style, faultless fit and finish—good wearing, shape-retaining suits... $12.50 and up. We are wholesale tailors—buy woolens direct from the mills at lowest cash prices, and with our perfect system and equipment, tailor thousands of suits and pants at prices not possible to ordinary merchants.

Every Garment We Make is Guaranteed in Every Way or YOUR MONEY BACK.

Write Today. Send for Styles Book, Samples, Self-measuring Blanks, Tape, etc. Our beautiful new patterns will please you.

BELL TAILORING CO., E. R. BRADLEY, Pres., Bell Bldg., No. 9 W. Monroe St., CHICAGO

DON'T CUT OUT VARICOSE VEINS

But reduce them, stop pain and inflammation with ABSORBINE JR

A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 7 F free. Price $1.00 4-oz., $2.00 12-oz. bottle at druggists or delivered.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages. *PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID.*

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH

Hunting case, beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind & stem set fitted with 7 ruby jeweled American lever movement. Guaranteed 20 years, with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents.

$3.95

20 Year Guarantee

Let us send it without expense to you C. O. D. express charges paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Mention if you want Ladies,' Men's or Boys' size.

M. C. FARBER, C14, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Suffering Women

A $1.00 Box Free

A Home Remedy for Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Ovarian Troubles, Pains in Back, Bowels, Bearing Down, Desire to Cry, Hot Flashes or Headache. Don't suffer longer. Just tell me where your pain is.

MRS. SARAH O. FURMAN, 52 Dearborn St., Chicago

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

OPIUM AND ALL DRUG HABITS. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it; tells the time on watch through cloth. Apparently see your fellow, best girl or any object through cloth, wood or stone, any distance, all climates; lasts lifetime; always ready for use. Price 25c, stamps or silver. L. KATHO CO., Box 2066, Philadelphia, Pa.

MONEY for MEN. Easy and quiet. Write for particulars. L. Box 217, Glendora, Calif.

10 Perfumed postcards with your name in gold 10c F. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

"He came from the valley people. Speaking of them, I have something to tell you, doctor."

"You could not tell it to a better listener," he returned, half lightly.

"The truth is often spoken in jest, sir! You shall hear. No doubt you remember the night when I, with two men from here, rescued my father from the miners?"

"I do remember."

"And, of course, that I cried out, 'Strike him down!' and that you were felled and left unconscious?"

"I remember"

"How harshly do you judge me?"

"In this case judgment is synonomous with pardon. I have before told you that. You were there to rescue your father; you would have been weak, yes, criminal to let your purpose be ruined by sentiment."

"Yes, you have said as much before. Now, sir, I will say more than I have told you previously. I did not order you struck down, nor were you struck by one of my men!"

"No?" cried Dale, astonished

"Listen! There was a man present on that occasion who was not your friend nor mine; I don't know who he was, though I can guess that he was of the valley people. At the very moment you came so close to us, and when I had discovered you and was wrestling with fright—for I correctly guessed that you were one of the miners—I saw yet another man, and he standing at your back with a club raised for a blow. I was not accustomed to scenes of violence, and, alarmed in another way, I cried out to my men to strike him down—meaning, not you, but the stranger who was about to strike you. I was too late; he struck, and then fled. Our part was that we took you to your cabin. No more!"

"And I have blamed you!—that is, I have supposed it was I who was to be struck down by your order. Sylvia, why have you not told me this before?"

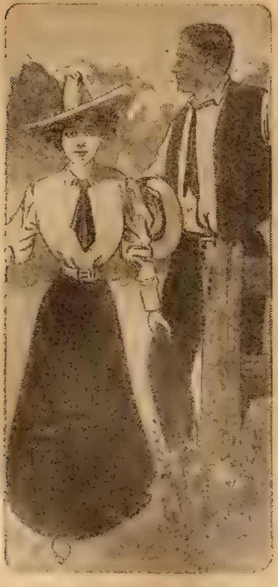
She looked down and was visibly embarrassed. Then she stole a side-glance at him and her face quivered a little.

"Doctor," she finally answered, "do you remember that you—that you called [illegible] name—"

"Unfortunate wretch that I am!" he lamented. "I remember! Yes, I called you—well, it must be said!—I called you a 'a fair outlaw!' Queen Sylvia, why didn't you cry out again, 'Strike him down.'"

"Because," she responded, "I knew you were excusable, though I wouldn't admit it to you, then. Now do you see? I should have told you, long ago, that you were not assaulted at the camp by my order, only you—you called me an outlaw!"

"Whereupon you, gifted with mercy, did not retaliate"



Peter saw Leland and Sylvia return.

[illegible] cried, with a laugh "Y[illegible] afterwards, and, as I may say [illegible]t. I was very harsh with you [illegible] beginning of that interview [illegible] appalled to see that a stranger [illegible] the Haven. I made [illegible] hunters and my own [illegible] after you called [illegible], I took revenge. Hiding the fact that I was quaking with fear I tried to be [illegible]fully sharp and stern, and I [illegible] I succeeded."

"[illegible] did!" Dale grimly agreed

[illegible] there's no more except to beg for forgiveness"

"Right! And I do beg for forgiveness!"

"No, no; I don't mean that. I, not you, must ask pardon. Can you find it possible to forgive?"

"If my own sins be overlooked. No, that does not figure as a necessary adjunct, for, know you, Queen Sylvia, your pardon was written out in my mind, and signed and sealed, long ago. But my brusque treatment of you—"

"Is forgotten! If I ever recall it, I will forgive. Another thing: When we were leaving the spot where you came to life after tumbling into the Haven, you looked back to see the opening through which you came. Do you remember?"

"I do, and, also, I remember that I did not see it."

"There was a reason. We found you unconscious. We could not get you outside soon enough to prevent your return to life, for the cavity by which you had come had closed up of itself, and no regular exit was near. Determined that you should not see just where you did enter, we moved you several rods before you regained your senses. That's why you looked in vain for the place. Since then our people have secured the way, inside and out. Do you yet know where it is?"

"No."

"I will show you, some day."

"Not yet! I don't know even one of the exits, and I prefer not to until I have proved my devotion to the Hillmen—"

"Prove it! Have you not done more than that?"

"I have done something, but more time is needed to establish my standing here. In my heart I have become as much a part of this people as Giles Leedron, himself—I am knit into the fabric of their lives inseparably, but I cannot accept hasty judgment. My heart goes out to this people strongly, deeply, and I will do much and serve long to have them know it fully."

Suddenly turning his face toward Sylvia, he added:

"Do you remember how long Jacob served for Rachel?"

"Yes," she replied, her voice low

"Here, there is no covetousness and no duplicity; he who serves here is free from the troubles that beset Jacob. I, cast among this people, attend the Hillmen as a whole as their friend and physician. But there is more!"

He paused and turned his gaze from the purple ridge-tops and looked at his companion.

"There is more!" he repeated. "Like Jacob of old, I serve for Rachel! Do you know Rachel?"

There was no reply. Jabez Roebuck's daughter was intent on the tips of the comely hands that rested on her lap.

"Rachel of the Haven," Leland pursued, "has pleased my eye and my heart. I have seen her worth and her beauty. I can tell you but little of her, for some things pass the power of the tongue to tell. I desire, however, that you will talk with me for her, and let me know if you think my attendance will prove successful. It is an hour before we need return to our duties with the sick. Let us speak of ourselves. Shall Jacob still serve Rachel?"

CHAPTER XV.

PETER MENTIONS POWDER.

Leland and Sylvia, seated on the rock beyond the village, were visible to at least one person. Young Peter Brown, moving about with his wounded arm in a sling, had practically regained his health, and he still had the activity of eye that had distinguished him from the first. Seeing his elders on the rock he wondered what their talk was about, but he did not go near them.

Giles Leedron came out of his house and Peter accosted him quickly.

"Sir," he said, "how are the sick people today?"

"About the same, my lad," returned the chief kindly.

"I have been thinking about them; yes, a good deal. I am deeply worried about them, and anxious to do something for them. Sir, cannot I do my part, and act as nurse, at times?"

Leedron, looking down, saw a face upturned to his that was gentle, plaintive, and full of boyish enthusiasm. He was staggered in his opinions and prejudices, and a bewilderment fell upon him that made answer difficult

"Oh! as to that, we have nurses in plenty," he responded

"But it seems too bad that I cannot do something to reward you for your kindness to me. Then these poor sick folks—oh! sir, I should dearly love to help care for them!"

The chief met the request as well as he could, giving a kind negative, and then walked on.

"Can it be," he mused, "that I misjudge this lad? He has the way and look of a saint! Can it be that we do him wrong with our suspicions?"

Peter, moving the opposite way, was passing a house when he was hailed from within

"Little boy, would you like to see me weave?"

He knew the voice of the speaker. Turning, he went to the open window and leaned his arms upon it. He had often before taken this position, and watched the weaver, and listened to her, for Mother Sarah proceeded on the supposition that everybody was interested in her work, and called to them when she

$1.00

Brings you this splendid 19 Jewel Watch.

Prices Smashed!

The most astounding offer ever made in the whole history of the watch industry. An offer which has simply annihilated competition. Think of it! The genuine Burlington Special—acknowledged by experts to be the world's masterpiece of watch manufacture—now shipped direct to you for an absolutely free examination. Only $1.00 down—yes, only ONE DOLLAR—brings this superb 19 jewel Burlington. Then, if watch is satisfactory, you pay balance at $2.50 a month. We want you to compare them with any watch that you ever saw, no matter what the price. If you decide not to keep the watch after you have had the free examination, simply ship it right back to us AT OUR EXPENSE. But you will find the Burlington Special a quality superior to that of the highest priced competitive product on the market. AND AT A PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

The Splendid Burlington Special—Now Shipped DIRECT

We are determined to introduce our unparalleled line of watches throughout the country and in the shortest possible time. We are determined that every man, every lady, who wants a REALLY HIGH GRADE WATCH, may now have an opportunity to secure the world's best timepiece and on terms which they simply cannot afford to refuse.

WATCH BOOK FREE If you want to get posted on the real inside facts about the watch business, then send for the free Burlington Watch Book today. Read about our $1,000 challenge to the giant watch factories of the world. A challenge backing the Burlington Special on quality—a challenge which has never been accepted. Besides, this book will post you on watch values and explain full particulars of our amazing offer telling you how you can get a Burlington Special sent to you on free examination for only $1.00, then $2.50 a month. No obligations at all in sending for the free book—your name and address on a postal or a letter will bring it free. Send NOW. BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. 4155, Millard Sta., CHICAGO, Ill.

FAT is Dangerous

Over-Fatness Shortens Life, Causes Heart Failure, Loss of Vigor, Kidney and Stomach Troubles. It Spoils Figure, is Uncomfortable, Unsightly, Burdensome.

REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT ONE POUND DAILY!

Proof Treatment FREE

Picture showing how my Perfected Treatment Reduces Fat

Note what my treatment has done for others; it can do the same for you.

Lost 115 Pounds. Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, Lehigh, Iowa, writes: "When I began your treatment I weighed 285 lbs. I now weigh 170 lbs., and never felt better in my life. My bust measure is reduced from 54 in. to 38 in.; waist from 42 in. to 28 inches."

Permanent. M. E. King, 5634 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "By the Dr. Bradford Method, I reduced 85 lbs., 8 years ago; haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."

Lost 112 Pounds. W. C. Newburn, Contact, Nev., writes: "I have lost 112 lbs., am wonderfully benefited in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains easily now."

Lost 98 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Wooldridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved, have lost 98 lbs. Friends amazed."

Many other testimonials from well known persons will be mailed with FREE PROOF TREATMENT.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, stomach and kidneys become diseased, breathing is difficult, blood impure and congested, and the end comes in Sudden Death by HEART FAILURE, APOPLEXY, APPENDICITIS. You can save yourself from these DANGERS; *do not delay!*

Let me prove to you that my treatment will positively reduce you to normal, no matter where excess fat is located; stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, double chin; it will healthfully, quickly, safely, permanently, be reduced without exercise or dieting; your figure will be beautified. Clear, pure skin; no flabbiness, no wrinkles. Lost vigor restored. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles, female ailments in women leave as the fat goes away. I send you PROOF TREATMENT FREE; you may reduce your fat at the rate of a pound a day. FREE

Don't miss this offer. My PROOF TREATMENT is FREE. It will make you feel better at once. I also send you Free my book of advice, also testimonials from many well known people. Write to-day. DR. H. C. BRADFORD, 9 M Bradford Bldg., 20 East 22d St., New York.

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomated, practising physician, licensed and registered by the State of N.Y. famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat & improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

$6.95

15 JEWELS

15 JEWELED ELGIN

Never before has a 15 ruby jeweled Elgin watch been offered at this price. Retailers charge $15.00 to $25.00 for them and they are worth it. It is manufactured by the Elgin Nat'l Watch Co. and stamped 15 jewels. Fitted in solid ore-silver dust proof screw case, both case and works absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. SEEING IS BELIEVING. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory after examination pay express agent our bargain sale price $6.95 and express charges and it's yours. We furnish this watch in 20 year guarantee SOLID GOLD FILLED case for $9.95.

State kind wanted, Silver at $6.95 or Gold at $9.95. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 352-356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

[illegible] Now, she smiled upon him in her [illegible] manner.

"This will be cloth when I am done," she added. "The pretty sheep give us the first step, and I love them for it. Sheep are next to doves and Providence. Perhaps it will be you who will wear the cloth made from this weaving, if I get it done without weeds spoiling it. Weeds, [illegible] lad, are the bane of life!"

"Your work is very interesting, good woman," Peter replied, sweetly.

"Be humble, humble!"

"Pardon me, but I think good work is [illegible] humble. Of course, I am only a [illegible], but so I look at it."

"Ah! you are a thinker, my child. That [illegible] good, and it is natural in one with a [illegible] forehead like yours. What did you [illegible] your name was?"

"Peter Brown, ma'am."

"I never knew you, but here in Switzerland we know so few. That broad [illegible] reminds me of somebody [illegible] like anybody I [illegible]"

Mother Sarah moved to the window, [illegible] the Peter's forehead and caressed the hair above it.

"Why [illegible]" she pursued, "you have a cruel scar just below the hair-line. How [illegible]"

"[illegible] ma'am, when I was very [illegible]"

"Poor lad! It must have been a dreadful [illegible] Still, it shows but little now. [illegible] fine forehead! But perhaps you don't like to have an old lady make of [illegible]"

"[illegible]" cried Peter, "I surely do when [illegible] as good as you!" and he turned a saint-like face up to her and smiled [illegible]tly and childishly.

The afflicted woman still stroked the [illegible] hair and was her old, kind self, [illegible] scene was one of mutual amiability [illegible] talked on, and then Peter [illegible] thought.

"[illegible], ma'am, but I think I have [illegible] your last name. They call you Mother Sarah, but there is more."

[illegible] meditated carefully, plainly at [illegible] and then replied:

"The name had escaped me for a moment. Sarah Adams is my name."

[illegible] meant nothing to Peter or to her. [illegible] creature, had forgotten her [illegible] since reason left her, and the [illegible] now gave had never been hers. [illegible] had heard her called Mother Sarah and no more; and among her own people [illegible] designation was so much a part of [illegible] that only the elder refugees [illegible] that anything more belonged to [illegible]. Peter's momentary curiosity vanished [illegible] her reply.

Presently she returned to her loom and her weaving, and the boy went on to the house where he lived.

Thomas Hooper lay on the bed, his scalp almost wholly bandaged and his face puffed and red. He looked at Peter sharply, and his gray eye and blue eye were alike full of question marks. The boy sat down by the bed.

"Dear friend," he said, his voice well [illegible] "how do you feel now?"

"I have less pain," replied Hooper, "but I am weak, weak!"

"Have courage! The pure air of the mountain will soon bring back your health."

Peter took a swift glance at the window, and seeing nobody close at hand, lowered his voice, and with a swift change of manner, sharply added:

"I have found where they keep their powder."

"Where?" asked Hooper, in the same tone, and with unpleasant eagerness.

"In Leedron's house."

"Can it be got at, when we want to do it?"

"Easily."

"Is water near?"

"Just back of Leedron's house! A dip of a bucket, a cast, and then that powder—you can guess!" and he smiled a smile far from saint-like.

Hooper's mismatched eyes glittered keenly.

"Good, good!" he exclaimed. "This rewards me for lying here so long."

"Gently, Hooper! Don't speak too loud."

"Are you sure you are keeping your calendar right?"

"Dead sure!"

Peter held up a stick he carried as a cane. It was a shoot of pine from which the outer bark had been removed. Three brown bands circled its white surface, and between each band, as well as below the lowest of the three, were irregular dots. He had cut the cane in the valley, and the bands and the dots he had made in the room with the end of a heated fire-poker. Both looked at the dots below the third hand, but everything above was ignored.

"Good!" commented Hooper. "Of course, we could not forget, even if we kept no count, but this makes sure. Ah! we have not so long to wait for the twenty-ninth of July!"

"No. It will soon be here, and then—"

Peter inclined his head. He heard a step outside and his expression suddenly changed. His alertness gave place to his former humble bearing.

"Yes, good friend," he said gently, "the air is very pure here, and I am much stronger, myself. You, too, will soon recover."

"Providence grant it!" exclaimed Hooper devoutly. "I want to be more than a burden; I want to help our noble friends in their daily work—bless them, bless them!"

The person outside had been only a boy, passing on inconsequential business, but soon after, Peter saw Leland and Sylvia return from the ridge. The doctor took a look at his patients and then sought Giles Leedron.

"Chief," he said, "you remember that when I came back from Doctor Appleby's I brought a newspaper I picked up in the road, when at Gilbraith?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice that Major Francis had been ordered to relieve the former commander at Fort Haidley?"

"Yes."

"I know Francis. He is an old, a good friend. As soon as the fever patients are better I am going to the fort to see Francis!"

"You are? Heavens, man, you don't know what you say! Even if it were possible, why do you want to see him?"

"I want him to take all of the Hillmen away from here to safety. With a couple of troops of the United States cavalry, or infantry, we could bid defiance to the valley people. Francis could escort us to the thickly populated region, and there we would be safe."

"But the Government has never seemed willing to interfere seriously with the valley people."

"True, and Francis would hardly risk a special march here for our sake, since he is only a machine to go and come as ordered by his superiors, but the point is here: He will occasionally be ordered on scout. When he passes near here he can stop and we will go away with him."

"A most alluring plan!" sighed Leedron, "but how would you get to Fort Haidley? No man can leave here unseen by the valley people, and to be seen is to be butchered. They watch in all places. We have before mentioned the Shagfoot miner whom we of the Haven nursed and brought back to health in the temporary hospital just outside our refuge. Very grateful, he went to bring us help. He was seen no more, but we know from what Asa Dickson learned on one of his expeditions outside that the miner was waylaid by our foes and slain in the mountain."

"I hope for better success."

"Listen, doctor! You found your way to Gilbraith fairly open in the hills, but it is a fact that, between where you traveled and the Pathowick trail, a maze of canyons makes progress impossible save at two or three points. All these are watched over by our enemies. To reach the trail you must pass them, and this you cannot do."

Leedron paused a moment and then quickly added:

"Had there been any way we would long ago made use of it. Nobody was bolder or wiser than our first chieftain, Saul Prentice, but he knew that to hide here was the one hope. Others had tried to flee and lost their lives. It would be so now. Why further take the burden of our peril upon yourself?"

"Now, listen to me, Leedron. Three years ago I was a physician in Ohio and reputed to have skill. I longed to travel in wild places and see different features of Western life, and this I have done for two years, roughing it, and engaging in

Continued on page seventeen.)

A WIDOW'S LUCK

Quit the Thing That Was Slowly Injuring Her.

A woman tells how coffee kept her from insuring her life:

"I suffered for many years chiefly from trouble with my heart, with severe nervous headaches and neuralgia; but although incapacitated at times for my housework, I did not realize the gravity of my condition till I was rejected for life insurance, because, the examining physician said, my heart was so bad he could not pass me.

"This distressed me very much, as I was a widow and had a child dependent upon me. It was to protect her future that I wanted to insure my life.

"Fortunately for me, I happened to read an advertisement containing a testimonial from a man who had been affected in the same way that I was with heart trouble, and who was benefited by leaving off coffee and using Postum. I grasped at the hope this held out, and made the change at once.

"My health began to improve immediately. The headaches and neuralgia disappeared, I gained in flesh, and my appetite came back to me. Greatest of all, my heart was strengthened from the beginning, and soon all the distressing symptoms passed away. No more waking up in the night with my heart trying to fly out of my mouth!

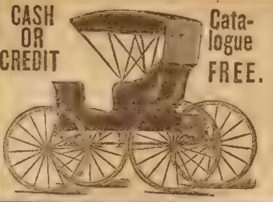
"Then I again made application for life insurance, and had no trouble in passing the medical examination.

"It was seven years ago that I began to use Postum and I am using it still, and shall continue to do so, as I find it a guarantee of good health." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the big little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



CASH OR CREDIT

Catalogue FREE.

ONLY $10.00

Cash, balance $5 per month, buys this 3-year-guaranteed buggy. Buggies $29.50 up; Surries $45.00 up; Farm Wagons $40.00 up. We trust honest people located in all parts of the world.

Write For FREE CATALOGUE.

Century Manufacturing Co.,
Dep't 411 East St. Louis, Ill.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1911 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1911 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer.*

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

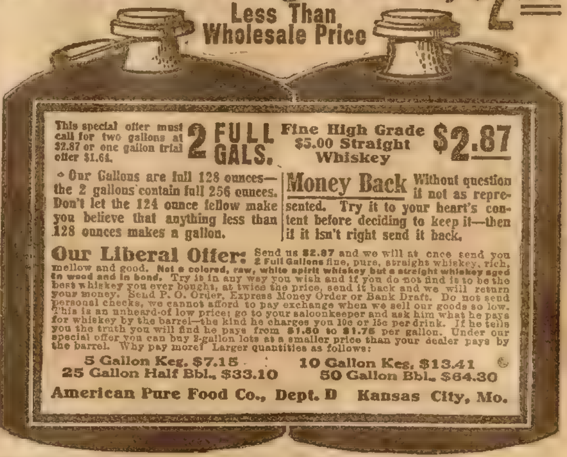
TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. G 53 CHICAGO, ILL.

2 Full Gallons Straight Whiskey $2.87

Less Than Wholesale Price



This special offer must call for two gallons at $2.87 or one gallon trial offer $1.64.

2 FULL GALS.

Fine High Grade $5.00 Straight Whiskey $2.87

Our Gallons are full 128 ounces—the 2 gallons contain full 256 ounces. Don't let the 124 ounce fellow make you believe that anything less than 128 ounces makes a gallon.

Money Back Without question if not as represented. Try it to your heart's content before deciding to keep it—then if it isn't right send it back.

Our Liberal Offer: Send us $2.87 and we will at once send you 2 Full Gallons fine, pure, straight whiskey, rich, mellow and good. Not a colored, raw, white spirit whiskey but a straight whiskey aged in wood and in bond. Try it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever bought, at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send personal checks, we cannot afford to pay exchange when we sell our goods so low. This is an unheard-of low price; go to your saloonkeeper and ask him what he pays for whiskey by the barrel—the kind he charges you 10c or 15c per drink. If he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.50 to $1.75 per gallon. Under our special offer you can buy 2-gallon lots at a smaller price than your dealer pays by the barrel. Why pay more? Larger quantities as follows:

5 Gallon Keg, $7.15 10 Gallon Keg, $13.41
25 Gallon Half Bbl., $33.10 50 Gallon Bbl., $64.30

American Pure Food Co., Dept. D Kansas City, Mo.

KNIT WOOL SHAWLS FREE

BLACK, WHITE, RED.

We have made a contract with one of the big mills for a lot of woolen shawls.

We are going to give these shawls away to our readers.

The shawls are made of woolen yarn. They come in three colors, black, white or red. These shawls can be used in many ways, as a shoulder shawl, like that shown in the cut, or they can be used to throw over the head.

Probably nothing is so useful in a home as a shawl like this. Just the thing for changeable weather. It is very handy to throw on the head when you run into your neighbor's house. Fine to wrap up the baby in. Throw it over your shoulders when sitting in a draft.

These shawls are large and well made, and we want every reader of this paper to have one of them, so we will send you one FREE OF ALL CHARGE, if you will fill out the coupon below and enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to this paper.

We send the shawl all charges prepaid. Be sure to state whether you want white, black or red in the proper space below.

This is a splendid offer, and we are glad to be able to distribute these shawls among our readers.

We treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber please say so when you write, and we will have your new subscription commence when the old one expires.

To The CHICAGO LEDGER: Enclosed please find $1.00 for which enter my subscription for one year and send me one (Color)........................Shawl, all charges prepaid. Send the paper until further notice to

NAME ....
St., P. O. Box,
or R. F. D. ....
Town .... State ....
This is a ....subscription.
(new or renewal)

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.

THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS;

Or, Wild Adventures in Honduras

By LIEUTENANT JACK JUDSON

[Copyright [illegible] W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 15 [illegible]. Subscriptions can be [illegible] or back copies [illegible] from news stands, or [illegible], or by mail from office of [illegible]

CHAPTER VII.

A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

FROM the day of their trip to the seashore, when the arms chest of the Silver Moon was discovered, Tom Fallon had a friend in Segara, the Carib.

The native was too cautious to let his companions detect his feeling for the boy castaway, but after the adventure with the jaguar Tom was more leniently treated in the mines, for Senor Goralo's slaves looked upon him as a hero, all save their overseer, a giant fellow named Loro.

This man thought himself a great personage, since he stood near to both the man-spider and Captain Joao, and showed the youth no clemency. All the time his dark, evil eyes were fastened on the young gold miner and Tom chafed under the espionage.

If he could only get back to Esperanza he believed Loro's watchfulness would relax and he longed for the time when he could turn his face toward the Honduran town.

The end of his time came sooner than he expected for in the middle of the second week he was told to get into the cart and once more was on the road back.

He entered Esperanza at night and was conducted to his room

He could not imagine why he had been brought back, but he was sure it was for no good. Surely the man-monster had not become merciful.

The next day, to his surprise, he was placed at his old task in the building where he had worked before. It gave him great happiness to know that once more he was near Dick and Marcelle and more than once he thought of the weapons which he and Segara had hidden in the forest near the fatal beach.

How to communicate with his friends he did not know He saw Captain Joao strut past his room with the importance of a lord and knew that the villain's dark eyes were maliciously regarding him. No doubt Joao was nursing his vengeance.

Tom was about to leave the office at the end of his day's toil when a shadow fell across the floor and he turned to find Joao in the place.

The commander of Senor Goralo's small [illegible] said nothing but coolly took a seat and crossed his legs.

"How did the little fellow like El Toro?" he asked, watching the young castaway like a falcon.

Tom smothered his ire.

"It isn't the most delightful place in the world. I have seen better," he answered.

Captain Joao grinned.

Just then the same big dog slouched into the room and crouched beside his master. Tom wondered if he would have another battle with the brute.

"Little senor rich?" smirked Joao.

"I have no wealth," said Tom, guessing at what was in the fellow's mind.

"Who owned the Silver Moon?"

"My uncle."

"The old senor, rich, eh?"

"[illegible] a line of traders."

"Is he as rich as Senor Goralo?"

"I don't know what Senor Goralo is worth"

Joao held up one of his dark hands with the fingers wide apart

"Five million pesos," said he half under his breath and also in the way of a boast.

"That's a good deal," [illegible]

"It is very much, little senor," [illegible] reply

[illegible] of this conversation, Tom [illegible] to his last duty, that of wiping his [illegible] when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Captain Joao was standing beside [illegible] and the [illegible] snarling at his heels

"What would rich Americano give fo little senor?" he asked.

Tom seemed to see the whole thing in a flash. This man would betray his master. He would attempt to effect the release of the captive for a sum of money, but Tom did not like to deal with a treacherous [illegible]

"I don't know what he would give," he said, looking Joao in the eye. "My uncle knows nothing of my situation. He was not to hear from me for six months——"

"But if he should hear, little senor?"

"I thought Senor Goralo is the man who carries on business with the outside world," returned Tom. "Are you acting for him now?"

"No, Captain Joao acts for himself."

Tom thought rapidly

"I will have no dealings with this wretch," went through his mind. "I will [illegible] for liberty through my real [illegible]"

"Will little senor write to the rich one in America?"

"No!"

The dark eyes flashed as they had never flashed before

Captain Joao turned abruptly on his heel.

"Then die where you are!" he hissed.

Tom made no reply to this outburst [illegible] finished his day's work.

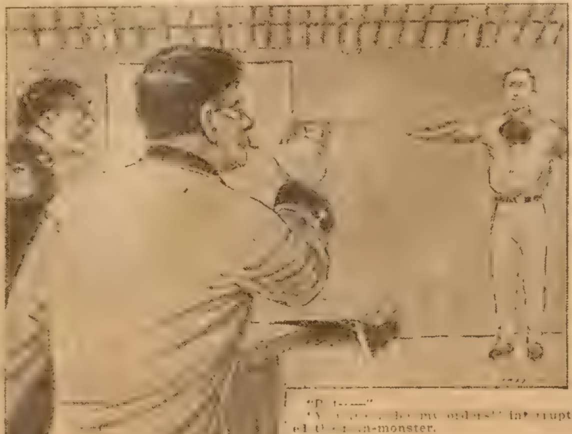
When he reached the door of the building he was confronted by a native soldier who took him under his care and marched [illegible]

[illegible] minutes later he stood in the presence of Senor Goralo himself. The man-spider of Honduras was leaning back in a wicker chair with a cigarette between his discolored teeth.

[illegible] looked Tom over from head to foot before he opened his mouth

"Stand over against the wall, little senor!" he commanded and Tom obeyed without speaking

"Put your right hand over your head and against the wall. There, that's it."



There was a flash and a report.

Wondering what was to follow, Tom watched ihs master closely and saw him take [illegible] mounted revolver from a drawer in the table at which he sat.

"[illegible] you little American rat!" [illegible] Senor Goralo as the boy castaway flinched a trifle

Tom saw the weapon lifted and directed at his head. The next second there was a flash and a report and a bullet from the revolver buried itself in the wall at the very fringe of his hand. A malicious grin had settled on the Spaniard's [illegible]

"[illegible] number one," he laughed. "[illegible] got some nerve, little senor."

Tom knew that the least movement of [illegible] hand would cause it to be perforated [illegible] let and therefore he summoned all his courage for the ordeal.

[illegible] more shots were fired by Senor [illegible] and the bullets came as near to [illegible] hand as the first had done.

"[illegible] down!" cried the villain.

[illegible] was glad to obey this command.

"Now take this cigarette," continued the Spaniard taking one from a silver box.

"[illegible]," said the young American.

"You're not asked to do so," was the [illegible] "Put the cigarette in your mouth." and the little white thing was tossed to Tom who dexterously caught it.

"Stand sideways to me," continued Goralo when Tom had placed the cigarette in his mouth. "It's another test of nerve."

Biting the hated object almost in two, Tom silently obeyed and saw the revolver raised once more.

What is the fiend should miss the cigarette and send a bullet through its holder's head?

Tom steeled himself for the shot and when the weapon cracked the cigarette, cut in twain by the hissing lead, fell to the floor.

Senor Goralo laid the weapon upon the table apparently satisfied

"Take a chair," he said

Tom was more than willing to obey this order and in a moment was ensconsed in a chair wondering what would be the next proceeding by this tropical Nero.

"I believe I can trust you, little senor," Senor Goralo went on. "I want some one to watch my largest gold mine. It is many leagues away and I fear some of my slaves are robbing me"

Tom swallowed hard at this. He did not care to be sent away to a place where he could not conspire with Dick and Marcelle for freedom

"El Oro is a greater mine than El Toro where you have been," the Spaniard proceeded. "You will be overseer there. You have nerve and a cool head."

"P[illegible]——"

"[illegible] my orders!" interrupted the man-monster.

"I know, but——

"You shall go to El Oro!" again broke in Senor Goralo. "I will send you there before long. You will serve me and your pay shall be increased."

Tom almost smiled at these words for that was the first mention of pay he had heard since he had fallen into the Spaniard's clutches.

"When am I to go to El Oro?" the boy asked.

"I'll fix the time soon," was the answer.

A ray of hope seemed to dance in the boy's eyes.

"Don't think that you can escape!" cried the man, catching and rightly interpreting the light. "I am absolute master here. Serve me well and you live, betray my confidence and you perish!"

Tom bent down his desire to face this man and tell him what he thought of his inhumanity. More than once the words bubbled to his lips but remained unuttered.

"You can go now," said Senor Goralo. "I will send for you when you are to go to El Oro."

Slowly Tom glided from the room. Outside a lot of night birds were singing to the tropic dusk, but his heart was like lead in his bosom.

"We must make an attempt before that villain sends me to El Oro," he said to himself. These Caribs will not have a white master over them. I know that."

As he went down the dark and narrow street toward his room a hand was suddenly laid on his arm.

He whirled about to look into Dick's face.

"Dick!" cried the young castaway as he seized the outstretched hand "Looking into your face is like seeing paradise."

"Where have you been, Tom?"

"In the web of the golden spider," said Tom with a snapping of his jaws.

"I thought so. And with what result?"

"He first subjected me to a terrible trial. He forced me to hold my hand against the wall——"

"For a target?" grimly interrupted Dick Chaffee

"Yes."

"Look here, Tom!" and Dick held his hand close to his friend's face. "I went through that ordeal. See! one of the bullets nipped me," and Tom saw that

$5.95 Complete Outfit JUST LIKE CUT

Consists of fine wool mixed suit in any color you want, pair extra pants, dress shirt, suspenders, 3 pair socks, 3 collars, 2 ties.

$15 VALUE

Would retail for that and is worth it. Suit alone is worth $10.00; every article is first class, Sizes 34 to 44 chest measure. Mention color you want and sizes for each garment. Order from this ad. Mention No. SB49. Don't forget sizes and colors wanted.

Big Catalog Free
Over 600 Pages of Bargains

Men's and boys' clothing, ladies' and children's apparel, shoes dry goods, carpets, furniture, stoves, hardware, everything used in the home or on the farm. Reduces cost of living. Lowest prices on everything; buy your supplies direct and save one-third—you ought to have it. WRITE TODAY. Address,

WAGONER MERCANTILE CO. 1848 PINE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.
Successors to Lincoln-Pope Mercantile Co.

Suicide—

Slow death and awful suffering follows neglect of bowels. Constipation kills more people than consumption. It needs a cure and there is one medicine in all the world that cures it—CASCARETS. 899

Cascarets—10c. box — week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.
W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

CAMERA AND COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR 25c

Takes picture 1 1-8x1 1-8 inches. With plates, paper, chemicals, etc; leatherette covered, full instructions so that any small boy or girl can take pictures. The complete outfit will be sent you securely packed and delivered for only 25c or 3 for 60c. W. K. McNEIL & CO. 6220 Champlain Ave. Chicago

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS

Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES,
436 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED In 3 days, also Method for giving secretly. Guaranteed. Successful often after all others fail. Gentle, pleasant, harmless; for [illegible]. Genuine home Treatment, medically indorsed, legions of testimonials. Valuable Book, plain wrapper, free, postpaid.
E. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 356 S, New York, N. Y.

Reel Line FREE to Introduce Write on Postal

KINGFISHER hook. Pat. Aug. 3 1909; catches two fish to the common hook's one. Dealers wanted.

Send 15c stamps for one KINGFISHER hook, 15 silver finish Cincinnati bass hooks and three good strong lines, postpaid
PARDON HOOK CO., Room 28 OWENSBORO, KY.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Conquered at Last Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free.
Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned.
Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

Asthma REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00, if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 886 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

FUTURE, past, present revealed. Send silver dime; birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second St., Kewanee, Ills.

A Secret for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles
Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, J, 60 Wabash, Chicago

$8.00 PER HUNDRED [illegible]
Birely, Lakeler & Co., Dept 3, Ladiesburg, Md.

the first joint of one of Dick's fingers was missing. "What else happened?"

"I am to be sent to El Oro as overseer," Tom answered.

"To that burying ground?" cried Dick in accents of horror. "It must not be, Tom."

"It shall not be!" iterated Tom, clinching his hands. "We must escape from this monster."

"Even if we perish in the forests!" cried Dick, and they walked on together.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAXIMILIAN TO THE RESCUE.

The next night the three captives of Senor Goralo managed to get together for the perfecting of their dash for liberty. It was decided to strike through the forests to the capitol of the country, although they knew that the way was fraught with the direst peril. It was not only the claws of the jaguar and the bite of the venomous serpents they would have to face, but the vengeance of their task-master. The bloodhounds were to be reckoned with, as well as the minions of Senor Goralo, men who feared their master and knew no mercy, the fierce Carib and the merciless Meztizos.

In spite of these deadly dangers the little conference broke up resolved to undertake the exploit. But first it was determined to convey to a certain spot not far from Esperanza the weapons which had been washed up by the sea.

True Marcelle was well supplied with fire-arms as she had proved to Dick, but if Segara and his men were to be armed other weapons must be forthcoming.

The Carib was consulted, and confided to Marcelle that he had seven men of his own stripe who would rebel against the Spaniard if they were armed, and it was resolved to send him after the contents of the chest.

Tom feared that he might be ordered to El Oro at any time, and was anxious to accompany Segara on the arms hunting expedition. It was believed that the journey could be made between two days. Therefore, two nights after the young castaway's ordeal, four figures stole from Esperanza and plunged into the forest.

The Caribs knew the trail in the dark as though they were traveling by day, and good progress was made.

The hiding place of the chest was found, the arms and ammunition taken out and the little party returned.

Not far from the town the weapons were secretly stored and everything was ready for the flight.

The following day Tom went gleefully to his task. Freedom was in sight.

But there were watchful eyes in the web of the Honduran spider.

Defeated in his attempt to secure a large sum from Tom by way of ransom, and however willing he was to betray his master, Captain Joao was determined to have his revenge.

The boy's movements had not escaped him.

Sauntering into Senor Goralo's house he threw himself into a chair and for a few moments watched the Spaniard, who was writing at a small table.

When Senor Goralo turned his head and his gaze fell upon his visitor he pushed his letter aside and said:

"I'm going to have a new overseer at El Oro. I'm being robbed there by the villainous slaves, and there will be some lashed backs before long."

Joao opened his deep black eyes but did not reply.

"I'm going to try a white overseer this time," the Spaniard went on.

"Yes, Senor."

Captain Joao laughed.

"You don't think he'll do, eh?" cried Goralo.

"If you mean one of the young Americanos—"

"I mean the one who came to us last."

"Senor Tom, eh?"

The Spaniard nodded.

"Seems to me, Senor, you trust that young wolf pretty far."

A singular light shot up in Joao's eyes.

"Wouldn't you trust him?" queried Senor Goralo.

"Would I trust a vulture without first clipping his pinions?"

"I know you don't like him," grinned the Spaniard. "I fancy that your head is still sore from the stool the little Americano wielded."

A scowl darkened the brow of the man who heard these words.

"The young lion is even now gnawing the cords of his net," said he.

Senor Goralo started forward in his chair and fastened his gaze on his right hand m:

"What?" he exclaimed, clutching the arms of the seat. "You have never lied to me, Captain?"

"And I never will, Senor."

"Tell me, then."

Joao moved his chair nearer the table and talked in low, tense tones for several minutes.

"Going to get away, is he?" cried the gold king. "Going to break his bonds, eh?"

"Yes"

"When?"

"I cannot say, but soon."

"How far has be gotten in his plans?"

"The arms are ready; there is to be help. He is not going to take to the road alone."

Senor Goralo rose to his feet and for a few moments paced the room like a caged beast.

"I thank you, Captain," he said, suddenly pausing before his subordinate. "I will attend to the little senor."

He waved his hand toward the door, but Joao did not move.

"I lost last night," said he, looking into Senor Goralo's face.

"How much?"

"A thousand pesos."

"And you think to sell me the secret of the young Americano's plans for that amount?"

Joao remained silent.

"It's worth it, though," the Spaniard mused aloud, and going over to a huge steel safe in the room he threw back the heavy doors and counted out the sum named.

Captain Joao accepted it with haste and prepared to depart.

"Remember," said Senor Goralo, "if you have talked falsely it shall be your back despite the service you have done me."

Joao bowed, crossed his breast and went away.

Half way down the street he paused as though a sound had reached his ears.

The next moment something fell against him and he was pushed into the doorway of a one story house. A hand was at his throat and before he could put up any resistance the thousand pesos were torn from their hiding place next his heart and his assailant was gone.

It had not taken a minute.

The whole work had been done so quickly that he had not recognized the plunderer, and his throat was very sore from the grip of that terrible hand.

Out in the street he could see no one. He was a thousand pesos poorer and some one had enriched himself.

He dared not go back to Senor Goralo with the story of the assault. He would not only be laughed at, but probably disbelieved. Therefore he swallowed his loss and shook his head as he broke out into imprecations of vengeance.

If he had had his hound with him he would not have been robbed.

He almost ran in the direction of his abode to get the dog and place him on the robber's trail, but when he neared the house he fell over something in front of it. It was the body of the big black dog and Joao saw that his intentions had been anticipated.

This was more than he could stand.

In another moment he was rousing nearly the whole town by his shouts. The people swarmed from the houses till the street was a bee-hive of gabbling humanity and there before them all stood the maddened man, pointing to the corpse of the dog.

Close to the spot stood the abode of Tom Fallon. The young castaway heard the cries in the street and taking from its place of concealment one of the revolvers which had been brought from the ship's chest, he prepared to defend himself should the mob make a move in his direction.

The mob, however, did not come.

At length Tom slipped to the door and cautiously opened it.

Before he could withdraw out of sight the crowd which was not twenty feet away caught sight of him.

"The little cause of all this!" exclaimed Joao, as his gaze fell upon Tom. "But for him my dog would not be here dead at my feet."

It was Joao's opportunity to pay Tom back for the blow with the stool.

In an instant there was a rush toward the house. The swarthy and motley population of the Honduran town yelled itself hoarse at sight of Tom who braced himself in the doorway with the weapon gripped firmly in his right hand.

"You can come too far!" he said in determined tones. "If Captain Joao accuses me of killing his dog he lies!"

Perhaps those were the worst words he could have said. Joao was, next to Senor Goralo in Esperanza; his word was law among the Meztizos, and by the lifting of his dark hand he could deluge the streets with blood.

The mob halted when it was faced by the uplifted weapon in the hand of the cornered boy. Some unseen giant in the rear of the crowd caught up the dead animal and, throwing it over the heads of all, landed it at Tom's feet.

A huge Meztizo armed with a heavy bow drew the arrow to its barb and covered the boy castaway. The native glanced at Captain Joao for permission to loosen the string.

At that moment something unexpected happened.

The night air was pierced by an unearthly cry, and the next instant the mob was scattering in every direction.

Tom looked forward and saw a great beast squatted on the ground not far away. Another dog? No, it was not one of the merciless bloodhounds of Esperanza. It looked more like a gigantic cat, with its ferocious head and sleek skin and with teeth which glistened in the moonlight like rows of ivory.

"The cat! the cat!" cried Captain Joao, as he whipped out his weapon, but that moment a voice was heard.

"Beware!" it said in startling tones. "If Joao slays Maximilian his worthless life pays the forfeit!"

The maddened man turned toward the speaker, as did some of the mob left in the vicinity, and saw Marcelle De Lorme standing erect with a hand covering the crouching beast.

The cougar of Honduras is feared in that wild land as is no other four-footed animal. We have already heard how Senor Goralo feared it, for its leap means death and its claws can rend like those of the Indian tiger.

The great greenish eyes of Marcelle's pet were flashing the light of rage upon Joao. Tom was breathlessly taking in the tableau. He saw Joao slowly back away. He saw the last of the mob disappear among the shadows of the street, and he knew that it would be now more difficult than ever to escape from the perils that hemmed in him and his companions.

At length the cougar walked slowly back to his mistress, who waved her hand to the boy castaway, and he closed his door and went back to his room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

Well did the three captives of Senor Goralo know that after the occurrences of the last few hours their perils had increased. Tom had the bitter enmity of Captain Joao, who could lead the rabble to any deeds of excess, and Marcelle had also come under his ban.

The imperiled ones got together as soon as possible and decided to make the long wished-for break for freedom.

The day after the meeting with the mob Tom was at his post of duty as usual, but he knew there were watchful eyes on the alert. While Joao kept his distance there were others who were on guard and all the time the dangers thickened.

Marcelle saw Segara who promised to have ten resolute natives aid in the escape, and, with these armed as they would be with trusty weapons, hope once more entered anxious hearts.

Tom was liable to be sent to the mines at any time, and it was feared that should Senor Goralo learn of the night encounter, the order would not be delayed.

The second night after Tom's last adventure came on dark and stormy. A great hurricane rushing in from toward the sea added to the scene. The frail houses of Esperanza toppled and the plaza was strewn with broken palms.

It was near midnight with the storm unabated when Marcelle, with Maximilian at her heels, slipped from her abode. At the same moment the boy castaways left their quarters and joined a dark figure at the edge of the town. It was the girl.

"Where are the others?" asked Tom as he came up.

Marcelle pointed toward the dark forest and smiled.

"How many?" queried Dick.

"Eleven."

"Is Segara with them?"

"Yes."

"Good!" exclaimed the boys in one breath, and the next moment all were moving forward.

Segara and his men were found waiting at the rendezvous and all turned toward the core of the wild tangle which, it was hoped, was to be left behind forever.

The eyes of the Carib leader seemed to see everything as though it was day. With his body bent slightly forward he plunged down the trail with the others at his heels.

The cougar trotted at Marcelle's side and Tom and Dick followed in their tracks.

At last they were out of the web! Esperanza had been left behind with its terrors. Senor Goralo and Captain Joao were oblivious of the escape and by morning, if nothing happened, the fugitives would be far away.

It seemed a moment for rejoicing, but the late captives did not rejoice. Even if the man-spider of Honduras did not follow there were a thousand-and-one dangers in the forests. There was the deadly bushmaster, the ferocious jaguar, and serpents as venomous as the one Segara had shot in Tom's presence. Not only this, but the forests were the home of outlaws who owned no master and feared nothing.

What daylight would reveal the fugitives knew not.

On they went, keeping as silent as possible and the gloom hid each from his companion's gaze.

The capital of the country was far off. If they should reach it they would be safe from the man-monster, but between them and it there lurked perils unmentionable.

Slowly the morning broke in the wild forest. Birds of the most gorgeous

BASEBALL CURVER Worn on the hand it aids in giving the ball a rapid whirling motion thus causing a wide curve. So small it is not noticed and they all wonder where those AWFUL curves come from. Send for a curver today if you want to be a crack pitcher and fan out the batters. Price 25c with directions for throwing all curves. CURVER CO., Box 1174 Brady, Neb.

BE A DETECTIVE.
Earn $100 to $300 a month. Learn by correspondence. Write for special offer. D. M. SYSTEM TRAINING SCHOOL, New York Life Building, Kansas City, Mo.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you herewith the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. CORKRAN, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.
Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

RIEGER'S
Pure Monogram
WHISKEY
Send For Free Price List

Express Prepaid
4 Full Quarts
Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine $3.00
8 Full Quarts
Rieger's Monogram Private Stock $5.00
FREE two sample bottles, gilted glass and corkscrew with every order.
Over 100,000 customers appreciate our whiskey and acknowledge that it is far the best ever distilled. For smoothness and mellowness of flavor it cannot be equaled. Money refunded if whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory. Order today.
J. RIEGER & CO.
1656 Genesee Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

Watch, Ring AND CHAIN GIVEN
FOR SELLING THIMBLES AND NEEDLES
[illegible] will send the watch and Ring. Ladies' or Gent's style Chain.
HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 100, CHICAGO

SONG POEMS AND MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS
—That are successful—bring fame and cash to their writers. Send us your manuscript, or write for FREE PARTICULARS. Publication guaranteed if accepted. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 220 Washington, D. C.

CROWN YOUR TEETH with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted removed at will. Over two million sold Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C. B. FARGO, Dept. D FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated
FREE TRIAL. No pain or loss of time. Cases where other remedies have failed specially desired
Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, Suite 539 No. 400 West 23d Street, New York

plumage flitted from tree to tree, great apes showed themselves on every hand and in the little swamps which they passed, the alligator lifted his ugly head from the poisonous ooze.

Some time after daylight Segara halted the little band and bade all remain where they were. The next minute the Carib disappeared on the back trail.

Minutes seemed hours.

At last the form of the Carib was descried running toward the first camp.

There was no excitement in his eye, his face had the immobility of a graven image and when he came up he glanced around and kept silence for some time.

"The man and the hound!" was all he said.

In an instant the young captives gathered around him.

"The man and the hound?" repeated Dick. "Where are they?"

Segara's finger pointed back into the forest.

"They followed so far and returned," said he. "Senor Goralo knows."

There was no comment on this startling information. All knew what it meant.

Pedrez Goralo was the last man to lose his prisoners without a chase.

The natives of Honduras are fleet of foot. They can outrun the fastest jaguar and outstrip the deer of the hills. In no time would the spy be back in Esperanza.

Tom and his friends looked into each others' faces.

"It is a fight," said he.

Dick nodded, and Marcelle, before replying, stroked the sleek head of her cougar.

"Better a fight for freedom than a lingering death in the man-spider's web, don't you think?" said she.

"A thousand times yes!" ejaculated Tom, looking at the rifle he carried.

"Better death at the teeth of the jaguar or by the fangs of the bushmaster than Senor Goralo's slavery!" cried Dick Chaffee.

Meantime back in Esperanza a man was pacing a room with his long hands clinched. He was dressed in white duck, and while the attire was cleanly, his fingers were colored by his black cigarros.

"Gone?" he said over and over as his eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire. "Got out of the trap, eh? Escaped from Pedrez Goralo? No one has ever baffled me and these young Americanos shall not! I can rend and tear. I am the eagle of Honduras; my teeth are as dangerous as the cougar's and my folds kill like the folds of the forest boas!"

He stopped in his pacings and struck a silver bell on the table a hard blow.

A native burst into the room.

"Captain Joao!" said Senor Goralo and dropped into his wicker chair.

In another moment the light door was thrown wide and Joao appeared.

"You know?" said Senor Goralo, covering him with the vulture-like eyes.

"Yes, Senor."

"How got they off?"

"The storm frightened the cowards who watched—"

"Single them out to me and I'll whip every one of them to death!"

Captain Joao did not speak.

"Pedro who followed tells me that they are not alone."

"They are not. Segara and ten natives are with them."

Senor Goralo's lips came together with a mad snap.

"I spared that fellow's life once!" he cried. "They have headed for the president's town?"

"Yes, Senor."

"Take all the soldiers," the Spaniard cried. "Take all the dogs. Take whips that sting like scorpions, but do not kill. They must be armed, my late prisoners?"

Joao bowed.

"Whence came the weapons?" thundered Senor Goralo. "Who armed the fugitives?"

"The girl for the most part," was the reply.

The gold king thrust out his hand and shut it madly.

"I'll crush her like that!" he roared. "Go! Let no grass grow under your feet."

"None shall grow there, Senor."

Joao was at the door when the voice of the Spaniard rang out again.

"I care not for the lives of the Carib traitors," he exclaimed. "I want the three Americanos."

Captain Joao, tiger that he was, understood.

In another second he was gone. Senor Pedrez resumed his pacings, tramping madly back and forth, looking more like beast than man.

Once he went to the door and looked out upon the plaza. The new day had broken over the town. He saw a few soldiers running hither and thither. Joao was carrying out his instructions.

The Spaniard saw huge bloodhounds gathering among the palms and knew what it meant.

He had a motley army, for indeed he did not need many men to defend his realm. He had picked every man of them, fierce Caribs, a few Meztizos and one or two half-Spaniards.

These men knew the trails of the forests, they were without mercy and between them and the jaguar there was little difference. All carried rifles of the most approved pattern. Besides these weapons all were armed with the long-bladed knife which they could throw as straight as they could shoot. Each man of them could follow a trail like a dog and the man-monster of Esperanza had reason to be proud of them.

He watched them from the door till Joao joined them. He saw his merciless captain place himself at their head and order the advance. The next moment, goaded by a sudden impulse, Senor Goralo rushed from the house and threw himself alongside of Joao.

"I shall lead my brave men!" he shouted in thunder tones and the following minute, with a cheer that made the welkin ring, the minions of the tropics rushed to the trail.

The continuation of this extraordinary story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

The Black Horse Queen.

(Continued from page fourteen.)

different callings, not for money but from choice. A few months ago I hired out to drive a mule team through the Pathowick trail from Bushwood to Totman City, and from the latter place I came to Shagfoot. Now, my plan is to back track to Totman, hire out again as a mulewhacker, and pass through the Pathowick trail with Keller & Park's so-called express train. Perched on a wagon-box with four mules at the other end of the reins I hold, I think even a valley-man will fail to suspect me!"

Leedron was silent, though a new light was in his eyes.

"Won't it work?" asked Leland.

"It is surely a promising plan, but, doctor, our foes are everywere, and they watch the Pathowick trail."

"But they would hardly pull a driver from his box to catechize him or to slay him."

"Not unless they already knew he was marked for death."

"How could they suspect me?"

"They have Argus eyes."

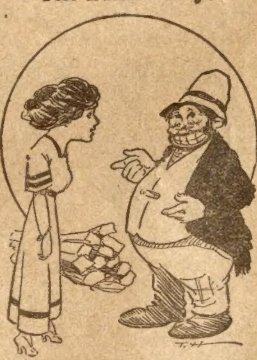
"Well, think this over, Leedron, and we will talk about it again. I intend to go—just when, will depend on how our sick progress. Each day I grow more hopeful that we shall have no new cases."

It was well said, but when, the next morning, the doctor visited Thomas Hooper, he found him flushed and, at last, really ill. The fever had attacked the man and with no gentle hand. Cared for previously by Eldad Kendall, he had contracted the disease in that way. There surely was no sham, this time.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this highly interesting story. You will find it strong and captivating to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

The Easiest Way.



Mrs. Bridely—If you chop this little pile of wood I'll give you a pie that I've just made.

Hungry Harold—If it's all de same to youse lady, I'd prefer to chop de pie an' eat de wood.

* * *

Splendid Chance.

"Turkey raising is an arduous business," said a wholesale poultry dealer. "Day and night you must look after your birds the same as you look after horses.

"California turkeys are very fine. They are very well taken care of. It is no snap to work on a California turkey farm, I tell you.

"I was visiting a California turkey farm last month when a boy applied for a job.

"'Your references are good. I'll try you,' said the farmer.

"'Will I have a chance to rise, sir?' the boy asked.

"'Yes,' said the farmer. 'A grand chance. I'll want you to have the feed mixed by 4 o'clock every morning.'"

Pass Along
The Good Word

That Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to-day and has, for over 40 years, been the standard Blood-purifyer, Stomach Strengthener and Liver Invigorator sold by druggists. It's not a secret nostrum but a medicine of known composition — a medicine so good that the best physcans prescribe it knowing that its ingredients, which are printed on its outside wrappers and attested under oath, are the best known to medical science for the diseases for which it is advised.

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not his greater profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, In Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised up-to-date Edition, cloth-bound, sent for 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing *only*. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

IN A PLAIN BOX
FULTON STRAIGHT WHISKEY
2 Gallons IN DEMIJOHNS $5
Or 4 Full QUARTS $3
FULTON
MYERS PATENT

GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED
Kentucky's Straight Whiskey
Express Prepaid from Distiller to You

2 Gallons for $5. 3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need

send no money

We ship on 30 day's credit, if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. Full Quart Bottles of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3, 8 for $6, or 12 for $9.

FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 6 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by first mail.

ADDRESS MYERS & COMPANY, Warehouse No. 172 COVINGTON, KY.

SOLE OWNERS U. S. REG. DIST'Y No. 22, 6TH DIST., KY. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof, must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.

Write for our book, "A Fair Customer," and price list—sealed

Boys, Earn Money

Delivering the
BLADE AND LEDGER
Each Week.

We need a smart boy in every town and R. F. D. route in the United States and Canada to sell the Blade and Ledger. 5,000,000 people read them every week and the people in your town want some one they can buy them from each week.

YOU ARE THE BOY WHO CAN MAKE THE MONEY.

We give you two cents out of every nickel you take in as your share of the profits. The **Agent's Outfit Is Entirely Free,** and there is no expense of any kind. You pay us nothing till your papers are sold. You do not have to pay for papers you cannot sell. No experience necessary.

25,000 Boys Sell the Blade and Ledger Every Friday and Saturday. They are of all ages, so you can do the same. Fill out the blank below, cut it out and mail it to us. We will send you everything necessary to start you and will give you full directions, just what to do, Everything is plain and dead easy. Hurry before some other boy beats you.

.......CUT OUT ....

W. D. Boyce Co.,
500 Dearborn Av.
Chicago:

I will accept the agency.

Please send me agent's outfit and bundle of papers and instructions.

AGENT'S NAME ....
Street, P. O. Box or R. F. D. ....
Town ....
State.......... Date ....19 Age ....

PICKLED PEPPERS

A Specific Order.

A nice old lady recently called at the cutlery department and told a salesman that she wished to buy a good razor for her husband. "What kind of razor do you wish, madam?" courteously inquired the salesman as he prepared to show her his wares. "I really don't know," replied the woman. "I suppose I'll have to ask your advice. Tell me what kinds you have." The salesman forthwith told his prospective customer that he had razors suited to every shaver, whether his beard was downy or strong, and also that the blades were of various widths and weights. On receiving this information the old lady pondered the matter and then said: "Suppose you give me something for a man 62 years old, who weighs 210 pounds."

❧

His Bunch.

A man who had bumped around from church to church, trying to find a congenial congregation, stopped one Sunday at the Little Church Around the Corner.

"Good morning," said the usher. "Are you a stranger?"

"O, no," said the man, "not particularly. I just dropped in."

Just then the congregation began to read this service with the minister:

"We have done the things we ought not to have done, and have left undone the things we should have done."

Before they got any further the man said:

"Thank heaven, I've found my bunch. Guess I'll stay."

❧

His Hands in Her Muff.

"My hands are nearly frozen," he complained.

"Won't you put them in my muff?" she sweetly asked.

"But you would have to take your hands out of it if I did that."

"It is plenty large enough for both of us."

"Well, all right, I'll just sit on the front seat, then, an—"

"But there is a way in which you can put them in and still sit here beside me."

"All right. Hold it over this way, then, please."

"O, pshaw! If I must tell you how, put one of your arms around me."

It should be explained, however, that they had been married for several years.

❧

A BASE ATTACK.

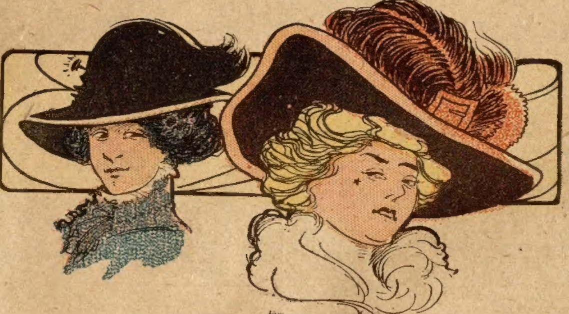
"Oh, come to the bower I have shaded for thee!"
So sang a fair maiden, as fair as could be;
And he came, with a heart welling up to the brim,
And sat in the bower she had shaded for him.

But he sat down, alas! on a half-concealed nest,
Wherein some tired hornets were taking their rest,
And though it was something uncommonly big
To see those tired hornets forget their fatigue,
'Twas bigger to see, as he fell where he rose,
How he wiped up the ground with his new Sunday clothes.

❧

The Literary Man.

When I get home where I live at I will remove my wife's new hat from my desk, and my daughter's socks and my wee baby's building blocks, three spools of thread, some tatting frames, a box or two of cut-out games, some scissors, and my wife's new waists, a box of tacks and some tooth paste, a cookbook and a sewing kit, some letters that my wife has writ, some apple cores the kid's put there, one or two wads of hand-made hair, a bottle of shoe polish, too, a hairbrush and a baby shoe, some stockings that are worth a darn, a picture book or two or three, a picture babe has drawn for me, a rubber ball, a piece of gum, some picture post cards and a drum. I'll do all that when I get home and then write an immortal poem that will have Swinburne double-crossed—if all my pencils are not lost.



"Why didn't you protect yourself when the lieutenant kissed you?"
"Why, at first I was speechless, and then I thought I would see how many times the impudent fellow would dare to do it."

❧

Object Lesson.

"Charles," said a sharp-voiced woman to her husband in a railway carriage, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway carriage?"

"Never heard of it," replied Charles in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't; but don't you remember, it was that pair of slippers I presented to you the Christmas before we were married that led to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day when we were going to a picnic you had your feet upon a seat, and when you were not looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd have ever been married."

A young unmarried man sitting by immediately took down his feet from the seat.

❧

Knew When to Quit.

A delegation of three entered the office of the young and rising lawyer, and the spokesman laid a box of cigars on the table and stepped back and said:

"The Quill Club of which you are a member, desires to present its compliments."

"But—I—I——" stammered the lawyer.

"You made a speech on Washington."

"But—but—"

"You arose and said that George Washington was a great man."

"And then I broke down and could say no more."

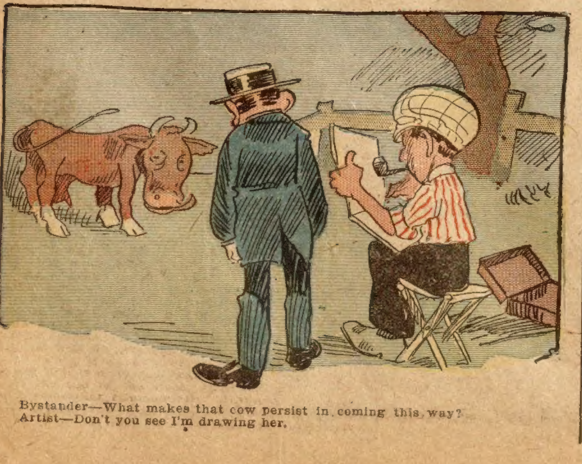
"That's why the club presents you these cigars—because you knew enough to break down when you had said enough."

❧

What Teacher Did.

It was a shy young curate who was once asked to take a class of girls about 15 or 16 which had formerly been taken by a lady. The young clergyman consented, but insisted upon being properly introduced to the class. The superintendent accordingly took him to the class for this purpose and said, "Young ladies, I introduce to you Mr. Chirp, who will in the future be your teacher. I would like you to tell what your former teacher did, so that he can go on in the same way."

A miss of 16 rose and said. "The first thing teacher did was to kiss us all round!"



Bystander—What makes that cow persist in coming this way?
Artist—Don't you see I'm drawing her.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today— You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

SPORTING GOODS Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog free. G. LEE & CO., Salida, Colo.

GAMBLING GAMES Exposed. Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog free. M. Hill Swanton, Ohio.

BOOKS, PHOTOS, Tip top. Send stamp for circulars. RICHARDS CO., PENSACOLA, FLA.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog Free. B. L. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

GAMBLERS' SECRETS

For winning at slot machines, dice, cards, faro, roulette, spindles. Fair games, etc., exposed. Get wise. Big illustrated circular free. Ham. B. Co., Box 1659, Hammond, Ind.

BLOOD POISON

Cured by the Marvel of the Century, the Obbac System

Drives out blood poison in any stage permanently, without deadly mercury, or iodide of potash, but with purely vegetable, safe ingredients. To prove it we will send you a

30 Day Treatment Free

Symptoms leave quick. Cure yourself at home now. Send for free treatment and remarkable book on Cure of Blood Poison.
THE OBBAC CO., 1067 Obbac Bldg. Chicago

This FREE Recipe Cures Weak Men

If you are suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory, or lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, and you have become discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures, and wish to be restored to health, strength, and vigor, write me today and I will send you this Invigorating Prescription in a plain sealed envelope FREE OF CHARGE, so that you can cure yourself at home privately, and thus banish all your troubles. I have used this prescription in my practice for over twenty years, and I have proof that it reaches the seat of the trouble, and sets it bubbling with new life. Write today and receive it FREE. Address DR. FRANKLIN ROBERTS, No. 125 Butler Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Dr. Rainey Gives You A $1.00 Bottle of His Vitality Tablets FREE The Best Remedy Known for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.

Dr. Rainey says: *"I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weaknesses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."*

STOMACH TROUBLES—Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Lost Appetite, Bad Taste or Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Gnawing, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, Food Disagree, Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets**, and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD—Pimples, Blackheads, Sores, Blotches, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Lips Blue, Specific Blood Poison, Eczema, Malaria, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chilly, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated? You surely need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.** They restore strength and fibre to the blood, so it will furnish nourishment to the whole body.

THE NERVES—Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling When Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Melancholy, Despondent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Weak Trembles, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Neuralgia, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.** They restore nerve tissue to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you feel full of life, vigor, ambition, and many years younger.

HEART—Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma? Get **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.**

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Watery Discharge from Stomach, Spit up Slime, Nose Runs, Sneeze, Bad Odor, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Get **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets** at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS—Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scrawny Neck, Dyspepsia, Thin Blood? **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets** build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you gain 5 to 25 lbs. Will greatly improve your appearance.

NO SECRET FORMULA—The days of secret preparations are numbered. I give the formula of my Vitality Tablets on each bottle. Nothing to hide.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the stomach, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system; generate vitality, create nerve force, restore full strength and vigor, so you can enjoy life's pleasures to the fullest. Contain no injurious drugs. **Guaranteed under U. S. Food & Drugs Law (Serial No. 21068.)** I not only send you a Free Dollar Bottle of Vitality Tablets, which contains 120 tablets, but also a **Free box of my Laxatives, Improved Formula.** I ask only that you send 10c, stamps or coin, to partially defray cost of postage and packing on the 2 medicines. Don't delay writing. **Send today.**

DR. RAINEY'S
Vitality
Tablets
IMPROVED
FORMULA
BRING VITALITY
STRENGTH,
VIGOR. CURE
STOMACH,
BLOOD AND
NERVOUS DISORDERS
PRICE $1.00

This Bottle is Absolutely Free! I will never ask you to pay for it. Nor are you under any obligation to buy more tablets. After you have tried this thoroughly, if you are satisfied the medicine is all I claim, I know you will be only too happy to continue until health, strength and vigor are completely restored.

COUPON FOR FREE FULL $1.00 BOTTLE—Sign and Mail At Once!

Dr. James M. Rainey, (Inc.), Dept. 16, 152 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.: I enclose 10 cts. for postage and packing. Send at once by mail, in plain package, $1.00 bottle of DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS, IMPROVED FORMULA, also FREE BOX OF DR. RAINEY'S LAXATIVES, IMPROVED FORMULA, without cost or obligation to me. Also your FREE HEALTH BOOK.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

HOME AND FASHION

For the Housewife.

Sprinkle a little white sugar over sponge cake just before setting it in the oven to bake. It will form a dainty crust over the top.

You can clean white paint with warm water, using a little whiting on the wash cloth and rinsing afterward with clear water.

Finger marks disappear from varnished furniture when sweet oil is rubbed on the spot and from oiled wood when paraffin is used in the same way.

A good way of preventing rust on kitchen fenders, after having cleaned the bright parts with fine emery cloth, is to rub them well with a piece of suet.

Never iron silk with a hot iron or on the right side. It is better, in fact, not to press directly on the silk, but to cover with a slightly dampened cloth.

After an umbrella has been in use for a short time, put a drop of oil in the center of the top about once a month. This prevents the ribs from rusting.

Fish that is to be fried should be ordered to be sent early, as it cooks much better if previously rolled some time in a clean cloth to insure perfect dryness.

Save nut shells in an old paper bag until some time when you want something to brown very quickly in the oven. Then throw them on the fire and get the full benefit of the quick, intense heat.

To clean and restore the elasticity of cane bottom chairs, turn the chair and with hot water and a sponge saturate the cane work thoroughly. If the chair is dirty use soap. Afterward set the chair to dry out of doors and the seat will be taut as when new.

If you wish to draw down the blind, yet have the window open, it is a good plan to have a screw eye in each end of the curtain which can be fastened to the hooks at each end of the window sill. Unless the wind is blowing very strong this will prevent the disagreeable sound of its flapping, yet will admit plenty of fresh air.

❧

Dictates of Fashion.

French knots are very fashionable.

Fringe is prominent on silk street costumes.

The newest blouses are made of voile and marquisette.

The newest real shell hairpins are quite small and light.

The satin cape coat lined with brilliant green velvet is a novelty.

Pressed scrim of extreme fineness, fine Milan straw and an infinity of fancy braids, including many basket weaves, will be employed for the spring hats.

For the matron the narrow hair bandeau is very appropriate. Sometimes they are fashioned of narrow silver ribbon tied in a stiff necktie bow at one side.

The metallic colors are among the most delightful of all for spring and summer hats—copper color, the bronzes in all their glory of green, bronze and reddish tints, and tarnished silver all being especially effective in the new glazed straws and the ethereal looking braids and they will be used in strong rivalry to the white and cream tints.

In speaking of the empire modes it must be remembered that the short waisted effects in vogue at the court of the first Napoleon, and which have been adapted to the fashion exigencies of the present day, are suitable only for evening gowns and for such semi-dress models as are distinctly indoor garments—whether for social functions or otherwise.

The monstrous picture hat is represented only by an occasional Watteau suggestion, but modified forms of it will be in evidence, but not a whit less picturesque than their distinguished original. The head sizes are still large, but raised a mere trifle by a bandeau so that a bit of the coiffure is visible, and the brims are more apt to be more or less rolled back from the face.

❧

Mending Blankets.

One of the first places to show wear in a blanket is along the edge, which will begin to split into a coarse fringe. Keeping blankets well bound with inch wide ribbon will prevent this. Unless some accident happens to a blanket, patching is not resorted to until it is very old, then a piece from another blanket may be laid on large enough to cover the worn place and held in place by darning rather than seaming. When the blanket is worn past repair just double it and quilt it together here and there and lay it across the mattress under the sheet and it will continue to be of service.

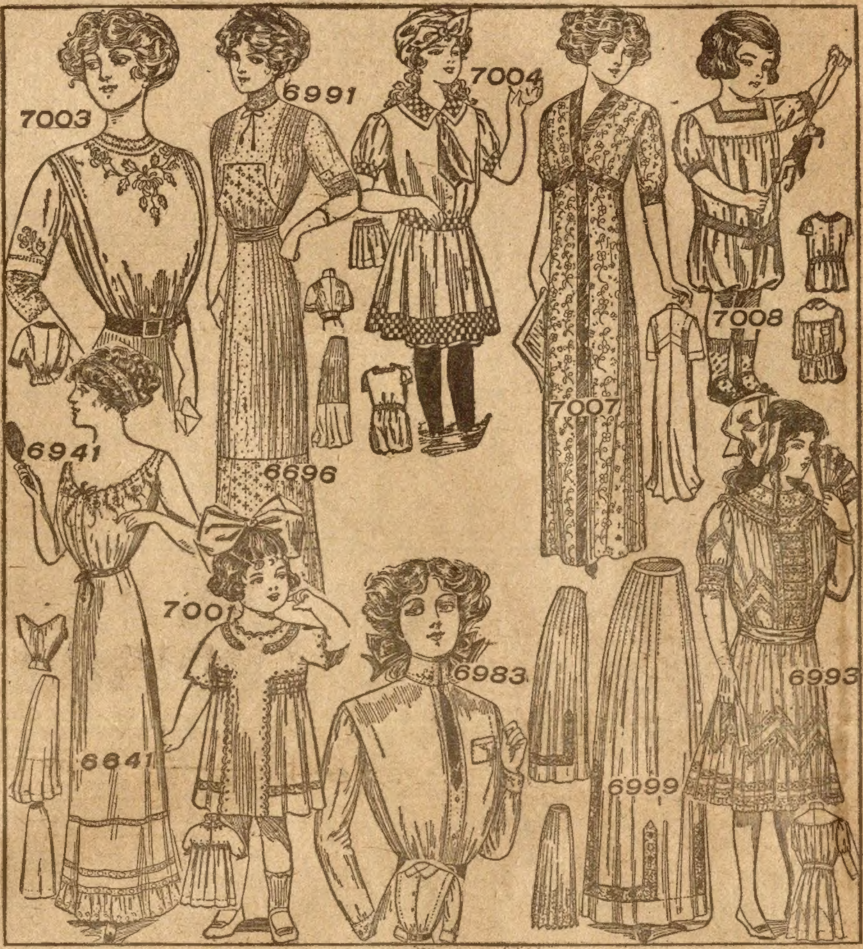
Old, worn blankets should be kept for summer use. They are just about right so far as warmth is concerned and their use saves the heavier winter blankets.

GET FIVE PATTERN COUPONS FREE

Hundreds of Patterns to select from and all the time you need to select them.

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. We think our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. To meet this need we have arranged to give our readers a pattern service that is unexcelled.

We have decided to make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and, what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. READ OUR SPLENDID OFFER BELOW.



7003—Tucked Over Blouse, 34 to 42 bust. 562 Embroidery Design. 1¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¼ yards 36 or 44, for medium size.

6991—Fancy Tucked Blouse, 34 to 42 bust. 562 Embroidery Design. 2¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 36, 1½ yards 44, for medium size.

6696—Five Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. With Circular Flounce, in Walking Length or with Train. 4 yards of material 24, 27, or 32 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 for upper portion, 2¾ yards 24 or 27, 2¼ yards 32, 1½ yards 44 for flounce, width of long skirt at lower edge 3 yards, for medium size.

7004—Girl's Bathing Suit, 4 to 12 years. 4¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 36, 3 yards 44, with ¾ yard 27 for trimming, for 8 year size.

7007—House or Tea Gown, 34 to 44 bust. Perforated for Walking Length. 8 yards of material 27 inches wide, 6 yards 36 or 44, ¾ yard 27 for bands, for medium size.

7008—Child's Rompers, 2, 4 and 6 years. With Square, Round or High Neck, with Short Puffed or Plain Long Sleeves. 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2⅛ yards 36, 1 yard 27 for belt and trimming, for 4 year size.

6941—Corset Cover With Straight Upper Edge, 34 to 44 bust. Designed for Lace or Embroidery. 1⅞ yards of embroidery 15 inches wide, with ½ yard 36 inches wide for peplum; or 1¼ yards of plain material 36, 1 yard 44 inches wide, for medium size.

6641—Circular Petticoat, 24 to 32 Waist. With Habit Back, with or without Circular Flounce, in Walking Length or with Train. 7 yards of material 36 inches wide, 5 yards 44, 12½ yards of banding, 4½ yards of lace edging, for medium size.

7001—Child's Empire Dress, 2, 4, 6 years. 387 Embroidery Design for Scallops. With Round or High Neck, Sleeves Plain or Gathered into Bands. 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44, 2⅜ yards of banding, ⅜ yard 18 for yoke and collar, for 4 year size.

6983—Blouse or Shirt Waist for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. 3¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36, 1⅞ yards 44, for 16 year size.

6999—Straight Plaited Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. With or without Trimming. 5¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4 yards 36, 2⅝ yards 44, with 5½ yards of banding, or 2⅛ yards of flouncing 45 inches wide, for medium size.

6993—Girl's Dress With Straight Gathered Skirt, 10, 12 and 14 years. With or without Collar or with Low Neck, Long or Short Sleeves, with or without Gathered Flounce in Pointed Outline. 5¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards 36, 3¼ yards 44, 20 yards of insertion, 4 yards of edging, for 12 year size.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you will have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are all up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons!

.... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US ....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.

This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons.

Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.

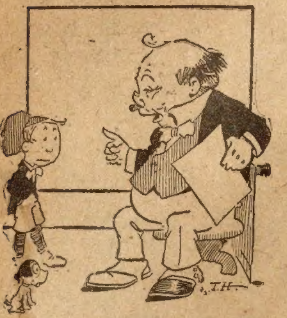
NAME ....
Street No. or R. F. D. ....
Town ....
Box .... State ....

☞ If you wish any patterns from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number). **GOOD FOR ANY TIME.**

The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read All About It

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Always.



Willie—Say, papa, why do they always say a "flat denial"?

Papa—Because denials nearly always fall as flat as pancakes.

◆

YESTERDAY TOWN.

The little young people that used to be there in valleys of song and play
Are little old people with wrinkles and rheum and locks that are snowy and gray.
The little red lips that we kissed at school and the cheeks that were sweet with gleam
Are now but a shadow of love and life in silence of sleep and dream.
The dear old city of yesterday town is quiet and calm and still
In the voiceless vale of the used-to-be at the foot of the moss-grown hill.

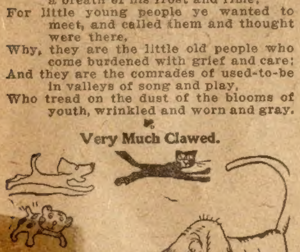
We wandered back on a day that was sweet and called little friends to come,
But all of the houses were vacant and worn and all the child voices were dumb.
A little old fellow we met in a lane, with wrinkles beneath his eyes,
Said, "I'm the little lad that you knew," and wondered at our surprise;
And a little old lady who passed us said, "Why, I'm the very dame
Whose lips were as rose and whose hair was gold; yes, I'm the very same."

And so we beheld it was true, 'twas true, the little young people were old,
And the little old people we met were the shades of comrades whose curls were gold.
The city of yesterday town was there and the shops and the yards of bloom,
And the little schoolhouse and the old brown church and the lavender-like perfume;
And the little old people said, "How we change!" And we looked at ourselves, and lo!
Our hands were thin and our heads were gray—it was so, it was so, 'twas so.

Ah, never go back unto yesterday town, ye who forget that time
Rolls on with a touch of his tears for all, a breath of his frost and rime;
For little young people ye wanted to meet, and called them and thought were there,
Why, they are the little old people who come burdened with grief and care;
And they are the comrades of used-to-be in valleys of song and play,
Who tread on the dust of the blooms of youth, wrinkled and worn and gray.

◆

Very Much Clawed.



Mrs. Dach—Why did you name your little son Claude?

Mrs. Beagle—On account of what the cat did to him.

◆

They Got Busy.

There were two cases of mistaken identity. One of them happened in Philadelphia and the other in Muskogee, Okla. The Philadelphia case began and ended in the open street. There was a woman with a fur around her neck, and at the end of the fur there was a head with snarling lips, and there were also dangling claws. You have all seen things of that sort. There were two dogs that had not seen things of that sort. They thought that it was a real dog or fox or beast-without-a-name, and they wanted to play with it. They came running up to the woman, and she screamed because she thought they were going to bite her, and the dogs had a jolly good good time jumping at the fierce beast-head and biting it. They might have pulled it away from the owner if they had not stopped to chase a cat.

It was a cat that caused the trouble in Muskogee. She was the pet of a little girl of 3 years. The cat was nursing a litter of kittens a little while ago when there came along a woolly white dog, which killed one of the kits. The mother cat did not forget. A few days after Christmas her little mistress was going to go out walking and put on the white fur tippet and muff that she had got Christmas day. The cat saw her. The white fur looked like the white dog-murderer, and the cat remembered. She sprang at the little girl, clawing and biting, and it was all the little girl's mother could do to pull the cat away, but by that time the furs were on the floor and the cat pounced on them; tearing and scratching until she felt that the death of her kitten had been avenged.

◆

In Court.

Such things do not happen every day. A judge likes to eat ice cream as much as any other person, but he does not always think it would be dignified to eat it when a lawsuit is going on in court. It was different in Cleveland one day last week. Judge Keeler ate ice cream in court and yet was perfectly proper and dignified.

A man had invented an ice cream freezer and had sold part of the patent rights to another man. The second man did not like his bargain and brought suit to get his money back. The inventor brought his freezer into court to show the judge that it was a good machine and would do all it was expected to do, and he showed how it worked. He arranged the pail with the ice inside and the can inside the ice, and then he turned the crank. When he had finished turning the crank he dished out the ice cream and handed it around the court, to the judge and the bailiff and the lawyers. They all ate of the cream and said it was good, and then the judge said that he would think about the case for a while, and the entertainment for the day was over.

◆

Stung.

Ever get stung by a bee? It is not pleasant. If there are plenty of bees they sting you in the most convenient place, but if there is only one you are pretty sure to get it on the nose, quite as if the bee understands that she could not do much worse for you. One bee that lived down south in Indiana went a little farther than that. The man that she was having a difference of opinion with had his mouth open, and she stung him on the tongue. It is bad enough to be stung on the nose, but there is all outdoors for the nose to swell into. The tongue has not so much room, and the man was nearly suffocated before the swelling went down. You see, the real cure for a bee sting is a poultice of mud, but the man said that he did not like the taste of mud, and so his tongue had to stay swollen for a while.

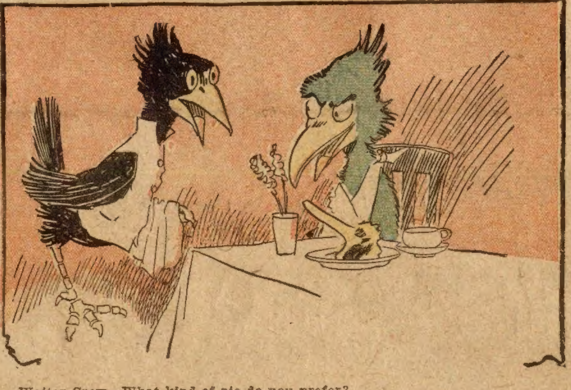
◆

HIS DREAM.

The little boy smiled in his sleep that night,
As he wandered to Twilight Town;
And his face lit up with a heavenly light
Through the shadows that drifted down;
But he woke next morning with tear-stained eye
In the light of the gray dawn's gleam,
And out from the stillness we heard him cry,
"I've lost my dream—my dream."

And he told us then in his childish way,
Of the wonderful dream he'd known;
He had wandered away from the land of play
To the distant Land of the Grown.
He had won his share of the fame and fight
In the struggle and toil of men;
And he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light,
"I want my dream again!"

As the years passed by the Little Boy grew
Till he came to the Land of the Grown;
And the dream of his early youth came true,
The dream that he thought had flown;
Yet once again he smiled in his sleep—
When those near by might have heard him weep,
"I want my dream—my dream!"
For he dreamed of the Yesterdays of Youth,
And the smile on a mother's face.



Waiter Crow—What kind of pie do you prefer?

Mr. Hawk—Well, if that cousin of yours is about, I'd like a piece of magpie.

Tot Wit.

Little Eva—What's that, Aunt Mary?

Aunt Mary—It's a scent bottle, dear.

Little Eva—How do you get the penny out?

Four-year-old Carrie had remained quiet for some time, seemingly in deep thought. Then she queried:

"Mamma, where do the days go when they become yesterdays?"

Teacher—Spell "reporter," Johnny.

Johnny—R-e-p-o-r-t-e-r.

Teacher—That's right. Now can you tell me what a reporter is?

Johnny—A reporter is a man who knows things before they happen.

Teddy—Papa, I've got a question for you.

His Papa—Well, what is it, Teddy?

Teddy—How much older is a "ripe old age" than a "green old age?"

◆

They Were Hungry.

Children swallow pins and copper cents and other valuable articles, and then they usually wish they had not. Two Pennsylvania cows were foolish in the same way, but they did not have much chance for regrets. They died too soon. The two cows lived six miles apart. They died at about the same time, and when the different owners investigated they found that each cow had a railroad spike in her stomach.

◆

Close Guess.

Schmidt—Ve got a new baby py our house yesterday.

Schmalz—Vas iss; poy or girl?

Schmidt—I vond dell you. You hef got to gess it.

Schmalz—Iss id a girl?

Schmidt—You cho-o-o-st missed it.

SCHMELZER'S CATAL[illegible]
OF OUTDOOR LIFE GOODS
PLAY BALL
Write today For No. 947 p
It shows everything new and the money we will save you on
FISHING TACKLE
BICYCLES, TENNIS,
HAMMOCKS, CROQUET
GOLF, CAMP OUTFITS
BATHING SUITS, SEINES.
BASEBALL GOODS.
SUITS—10 GRADES
all colors—any style—made to your measure. Write for Samples and Catalog—both free.
We are the Largest Exclusive Sporting Goods House in the World. PRICES LOWEST.
Schmelzer Arms Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Join a Brass Band
EVERYBODY INVITED
HERE is a great opportunity for everybody who wishes to get ahead—who wants to fully enjoy life and make good money in a pleasant way. Write today—let us tell you how to be a member of a band.
A big national movement is being made to put a brass band in every locality or reorganize the old brass band.
Write today—just send your name and address. Let us tell you all about our brass band plan, and quote you special prices on all band instruments. You should get started anyway. The one who gets the start with his own instrument has the best chance.
Humanatone FREE! The Humanatone is the delightful novelty musical instrument. We explain fully how you may get one free just for giving us a little information. So write today. Get our free catalogs, booklet and a blank for you to fill out, and just as soon as you send us the information we want we will send you positively free the new musical instrument, the Humanatone. Write today. Just say: "Please send me your free catalog and booklet and explain how I may get a Humanatone free." Then sign your name and address. DO THIS TODAY.
LYON & HEALY 19-37 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

UNIFORMS
Bands, Military, Ushers, Bell Boys, Woodmen, and other societies. Cadets, Schools, Firemen. Also
BASE-BALL UNIFORMS
Send for free Catalog and please mention kind wanted.
Western Uniform Co.
224 Clark Street.
CHICAGO

WANTED—CHAUFFEURS
Big demands from manufacturers, dealers and owners. Good wages—steady, pleasant employment. We teach how to run and repair any automobile by mail. Most complete Auto School in the world. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Complete course only $15.00. Enroll now—small payment down—balance weekly payments. We furnish employment from the start. No extra charge for practical instruction, under personal supervision of C. A. Coey, America's premier expert. FIRST LESSON FREE. Write for it today.
C. A. COEY'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING,
4822 1-2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Let Us Send You a Genuine Edison Phonograph On FREE TRIAL
right to your own home without a cent from you. No C. O. D. No obligations. Send it back at our expense if you don't want to keep it. $2.00 a month now pays for a genuine Edison Phonograph at Rock Bottom prices and without even interest on monthly payments.
Send today for our beautiful Free Edison Catalog. A postal will do, but send at once.
F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distr.,
Suite 4125 Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

Picture Machine and Baseball
GIVEN FOR SELLING OUR NEW MOTTO PICTURES
63 VIEWS
WONDERFUL MOVING PICTURE MACHINE
This marvelous Moving Picture Machine shows pictures in motion the same as the very expensive machines used in theatres. With this machine you can entertain your friends and even make money giving exhibitions. We give this wonderful machine complete with films—63 VIEWS, and a FINE BASEBALL for selling only 24 NEW ENAMELED MOTTO PICTURES at 10c each, regular price 25c. Sell like hotcakes. SEND NO MONEY. Write for pictures today. When sold, send us $2.40 and complete Moving Picture Machine and 63 Views and Baseball will be sent you promptly. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or Money Returned.
ALTON WATCH CO.
DEPT. 677, CHICAGO, ILL.